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A WIFE.

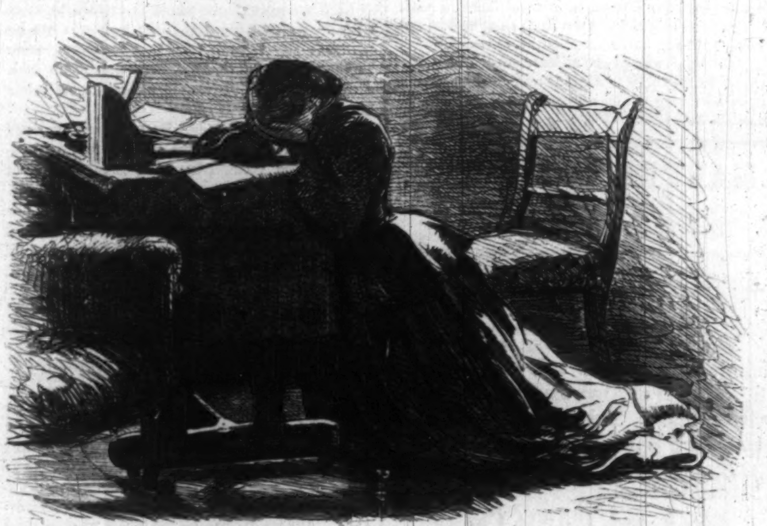
THE wife sat thoughtfully turning over
  A book inscribed with the school-girl's name;
A tear—one tear—fell hot on the cover
  She quickly closed when her husband came.

He came, and he went away—it was nothing—
  With cold calm words upon either side;
But, just at the sound of the room-door shutting,
  A dreadful door in her soul stood wide.

Love, she had read of in sweet romances—
  Love that could sorrow, but never fail,
Built her own palace of noble fancies,
  All the wide world a fairy tale.

Bleak and bitter, and utterly doleful,
  Spreads to this woman her map of life;
Hour after hour she looks in her soul, full
  Of deep dismay and turbulent strife.

Face in both hands, she knelt on the carpet;
  The black cloud loosen'd, the storm-rain fell:
Oh! life has so much to wilder and warp it—
  One poor heart's day what poet could tell?



"FACE IN BOTH HANDS, SHE KNELT ON THE CARPET."—[BY MILLAIS.]

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The New Partner

IN

"CLINGHAM & CO., BANKERS."

BY FITZ HUGH LUDLOW,

AUTHOR OF "THE HASHEESH EATER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.

IN WHICH A SINGULAR WAY IS DISCLOSED OF MAKING THE BEST USE OF ONE'S TIME.

THE question to what extent a man may be engaged in the handling of pitch without defiling himself thereby—how far a gentleman may go on the road with a rogue without becoming a companion of knaves—is one of perhaps more speculative than practical value. For the person who does not like to be defiled by pitch, and who is not, therefore, virtually defiled already, will have just as little to do with that disagreeable article as necessity compels him to; and the gentleman will take a branch road, or a path through the fields, as soon as it is practicable, unless he has a taste for some slight smack of knavery already, and is therefore really very good company for the rogue. So that in neither case is a solution of the question of much practical importance.

But there are now and then occasions, especially in the young man's life, when the pitch business appears to be a long habitual necessity; a work of livelihood, from which there is no visible escape; when the road is straight, high-walled at the side, branches nowhere; and the rogue is a mighty familiar, pleasant knave, who edges over to your side of the way, and rubs his elbow in your side with a leer, saying, "Kiss me, sweet coz!" In which case the problem does arise whether to knock him down or walk along with him as quietly as possible, keeping his fingers out of your pockets; and if there be any hope for him, giving him good advice not to get hanged.

At Cheswick Ernest Beckford found himself for the first time in this position when Mr. Todds had extended to him that ultimate honor and gratification conceivable by the youthful mind of the Bank, of inviting him to his rooms to whist and whisky punch.

During the whole working day, at any rate, Ernest Beckford was holden of necessity to stay among these—well, just what they were. The question now arose, what effect would it have upon the comfortableness and the usefulness of this involuntary association with them, to go a little farther on their way with them, and operate with whatever influence he might have for good on the more susceptible, the private portion of their lives?

In just such a train of thought and self-questioning as this subject would be apt to suggest he sat by the open window after the little boat had floated away out of his sight, until the sun went down. Whether to go to Mr. Todds's or not?—that was the question. But it certainly would not have been worthy of so much consideration—it would have been answered much sooner, had not one other and most important element entered into the decision. What this was will be developed by our progress. But the question was doomed to be settled, at the present time, in the greatest possible haste.

For as Ernest sat thinking there, there sounded a heavy double rap at the door, and, almost before the words "Come in!" were out of his mouth, there flounced into the room as singular a little figure as is very often seen outside of the costume department of theatres, or the rubbish closet of curiosity-shops.

Fancy an exceedingly fat person, made much shorter in appearance by this fact than his real stature gave him right to be, and with a comical duck-waddle replacing the human walk, of which years had robbed nature. A perfectly white beard covered his face and descended to his girdle, a gigantic pair of naturalist's gauze dust goggles shielded his eyes, and over his whole body hung, in dusty folds, such a long, rusty, camlet cloak as operatic tradition assigns to Don Basilio in the Barber. On the head of the queer object a very broad-brimmed, soft felt hat was set in a straight, determined manner, and the woolen gloved and pudgy little hand closed over a knotty hickory cudgel. And upon invitation this somewhat remarkable conglomeration seated itself, and opened conversation with,

"You don't know who I am?"

Mr. Beckford readily assented to the proposition, at the same time requesting to be informed upon the subject on which he was in the dark, and drawing his own seat near enough to bestow the scrutiny which his visitor's opening remark had challenged.

"I know you don't. It wasn't to be expected. Nobody would unless I told them, which is unlikely. I fancy that my own mother wouldn't. I flatter myself that she would have no idea. Where are your matches, if you please? Oh! here they are, thank you; smoke doesn't trouble you? Ah! not at all? I'm glad to hear it. I'll light up then. As I was saying, I have taken every precaution in dress, just as requested, to prevent me from being recognized, and I am too cute, I can assure you, to let any thing in my behavior betray to any body that I am—"

"Mr. Filkins;" so Ernest quietly completed the sentence.

"I'll be hanged!" was the explosive reply of the stranger as he started to his feet. "Beckford, I believe you can see as sharp as a lynx!"

"Oh, sharper!" said Ernest, "considerably sharper; for the lynx, not being, as is supposed, blessed with even a district school education, would be unable to read those graceful characters marked on that cigar-holder which represent your name."

"Well! I'm flummixed—you'll excuse the phrase," answered little Filkins, in a dejected manner (for it was he). "Really, I did my best. At the request of the partners I came here in strict *incog.*, as I thought. They told me not to make myself known to a soul till I had seen you; and now, I've gone and done it. Oh, it's mighty pretty of me, but it's just my way. Every thing's kicked over, I suppose, by that cursed holder."

"Oh no; I guess not. You mustn't be desponding about that. Nobody has seen it but me. What possessed you to come in this way, though?"

"Well, you see, I've got a cousin, a theatre costumer, up in Broome Street, and when the old gentleman, Mr. Jas. Clingham, told me he had a secret mission to send me on to you, and he wanted me to get a modest and appropriate disguise, I went up to Broome Street, and says I to Augustus, what would be nice and proper? We consulted between ourselves, and for a while I was uncertain in my mind if I wouldn't be a Cavalier of Madrid of the 15th century or the 5th, somewhere along there, something with a five in it any way. My! wouldn't I have had a blessed looking pair of legs! Boots you could have put a loaf of bread in, and spurs on 'em, red thighs and a ruff like a door-mat, with no end to cloak. And a hat—Ler', such a hat, and such feathers! But Augustus said he'd agreed to let a man have that for a fancy-ball, and he would be along for it about dinner-time. So I had to take what I could get. He gave me my pick out of the rest, so I took Falstaff's stomach, hair, beard, and breeches; and as to hat, cloak, and boots, why, I'm an I-talian murderer, you see. Rich, ain't it? but hot—awful hot, for June, I can tell you! I almost wish I hadn't taken any stomach. But I'm here now, thank fortune, and I don't think I'm found out. Can I strip?"

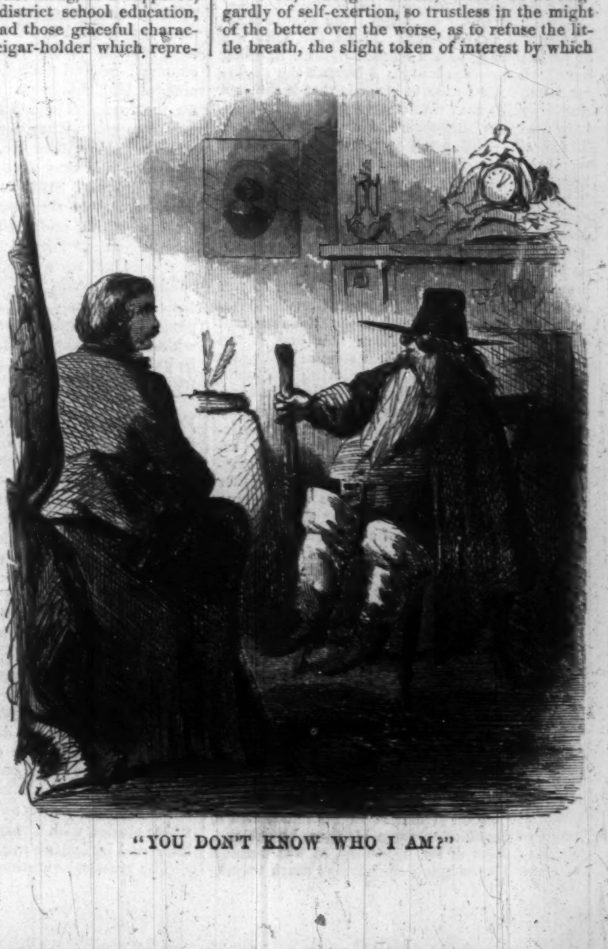
Mr. Beckford gave the voluble youth the permission he asked, as any one not unusually destitute of the emotion of compassion would have been constrained to do, seeing that it was June, as he said—and not cool for that month either—and then said:

"But your errand, Mr. Filkins? You told me, I believe, that the partner sent you. Excuse my haste, but I'm anxious to know the message that has caused so much labor on your part."

Little Filkins had by this time divested himself of all of his disguise but the ponderous stomach; and while there was still enough in his general appearance that was very ludicrous, the desire to laugh at the little man and his deep sense of responsibility (sense of responsibility is killingly funny in a little man), was checked in Ernest by his perceiving, with sincerest gladness, how much evidence of a new life there was in that now rosy, healthy face of his, which had shortly ago been so mottled and haggard; and how deep a pleasure it afforded him to have had his reformation noticed, to have had a *trust* committed to him by the partners.

"Thank Heaven!" thought Ernest Beckford, as he stood looking at the beaming, excited little man, "he has kept his word—he will be something—yes, even a good deal perhaps, after all." And when on this wide, vexatious, but still somewhat worth-living-on-after-all earth of ours did there ever cease to be hopes of a man who could be kindled genially out of his smoulder by a brother's saying, "I *trust* you?"

"Who," thought Ernest, "could be so niggardly of self-exertion, so trustless in the might of the better over the worse, as to refuse the little breath, the slight token of interest by which



"YOU DON'T KNOW WHO I AM?"

I was so happy as to give this little creature his first lift out of the mire? And what an ample reward for ten-fold more pains is it to see this small Filkins raised utterly out of his smallness by having even some little thing to do, and being so anxious to do it as well as possible? Probably few men would have labored more assiduously to make themselves worthy of their office down to the last particular of dress, had they been sent on a special embassage to the moon."

"You ask me what is my errand to you?" said little Filkins, dropping his tone into the very abyss of awful mystery. "Are you sure," he added in the same voice, "that the inhabitants of this house are perfectly to be trusted? No children who get under beds? Little boys who lock themselves into closets? Girls that listen at keyholes? Then grant me your ear for a moment, while thus I speak my burden."

The most irresistibly comic stage sublimity, learned from some popular actor of the declamatory and muscular school, characterized little Filkins's manner as he drew Ernest into the farther corner from the window, and uttered in a hoarse whisper, glancing at the same time cautiously over his shoulder, the words,

"Make the best of your time. Things here are ripening fast!"

"There," added little Filkins, resuming his natural tone, "now I feel comfortable! For the first time since I left New York I experience the emotion of hunger. At the half-way station I arose and momentarily thought of stewed oysters or a ham sandwich. But I shuddered at the idea. Can you eat when there's any great burden on your mind? *I* try in vain! Responsibility is *such* a weight! All the way up I kept saying to myself, now I musn't write it on paper; I musn't breathe it to a soul; I must keep it in my head. If I get to napping I shall talk in my sleep to the man in a yellow dust coat by my side on the seat and let it out. By-and-by the car wheels seemed to say it; they kept grinding it out in their thundering way all cut into lengths, 'Make the—best of your—time,' etc., and I actually got scared. Isn't it a *splendid* sentence, though? It reads just as if it was taken bodily right out of the dramatic version of Nobb's Six-Barreled-Revolver-Maker of Moscow! How Forrest would roll it off, heh? You're the pit, I'm Forrest—listen! I come up through a hole in the floor; a preparatory peal of thunder and green lights about my head, and speaking in a low voice that is almost audible silence say:

"'Make the best of your time. Things he-r-r-r-re a-r-r-r-e r-r-r-ripening fa-ssssst!' Lord! what an opening to roll the r's for a man that had the genius! That's too—like the hiss of doom. Now just fancy who composed that! It was old Clingham, the head of the firm. I knew he had talents on discount, was great on interest, had views of his own on tariff; but, by Jupiter! I didn't know he had such a genius for tragedy! He came to me and repeated that sentence to me till I learned it; and when he said he daren't trust it on paper, I could hardly keep from saying to him, 'You err; put it on paper, with some more like it, and *fame is yours!*'"

"Do you know what it means?" asked Beckford, with a good-humored smile.

"No indeed! How should I?" was the voluble reply of the enthusiastic little Filkins. "Don't care to know! I'm in possession of these facts: First, that I have a trust bestowed upon me—*that* involves responsibility; second, that it is confidential from the head of our firm—*that* demands silence, unquestioning silence; third, that it is in the language of sublime tragedy—this last is all-satisfying; this calls forth the spontaneous admiration of the soul. Make the best use of what time? Don't know. What's ripening here? I hope *you* know. I haven't the slightest idea. All I care to know is that it shows a tragic genius that would have made old Clingham a second Shakspeare, and I bow to genius. That's all. But I tell you, responsibility *is* a weight! Can I put this stomach under the bed?"

"Oh, certainly. Sit down and rest you, and read some of the books on the table there by you, and excuse me for a moment while I look over some business I must attend to. I *do* know, as you're kind enough to hope, what your message means, and I'm very much obliged to you for it. It comes just at the right time."

It will perhaps somewhat appall sober and well-balanced minds to learn that just at the very moment that this most solemn and pregnant admonition of time-preserving fell upon the ear of Ernest Beckford he settled the question, pro Todds or contra Todds, by definitely resolving to accept that eminent person's invitation. Whisky and lemons are ordinarily received as more particularly conservative of themselves, or other vegetable products, than either of time or equilibrium. Yet here was a young man who could think of no better way of economizing one whole mortal evening than by devoting it to the companionship of gentlemen who knew no other possible pickle for their hours of leisure. And it is not to be wondered at if the said sober and well-balanced minds express themselves in view of this decision somewhat thus: "I wouldn't have thought that of *you*, Beckford!" But this queer thing *did* occur, in spite of that fresh, almost yet echoing message from the partners, "Make the best use of your time."

Mr. Filkins having disposed of his beard, and no longer feigning a stomach when he had it not, waxed more and more comfortable over the thought of his discharged responsibility, and stretched himself over several chairs. With a pictorial London Almanac in his hand, and a smile of satisfaction upon his face, he seemed on the border of falling asleep, as was natural after such exhausting exercise as much travel, talking, and, above all, responsibility had afforded him.

In the mean time Ernest Beckford unlocked the door of his secretary and took out a broad quarto, marked on the back "Letters." He turned over page after page of the MSS., and at last, settling on the particular copy that he wanted, he read—it was the letter he had sent by little Filkins to Clingham & Co.—as follows:

"If there be ever any message you wish to send to me, please employ this young man to bring it—and let the trust which you repose in him be *marked* and *flattering*. He has valuable qualities in him—he is faithful at heart—he needs only to be encouraged. Let him be made to feel *great responsibility*."

And as he looked furtively over at Filkins, and beheld how this little paragraph had been well-sped—how, if one may speak of paragraphs agriculturally, it had already grown up and blossomed into the first chapter of a new life—all the grotesqueness of his circumstances fell off like a distorting mist from little Filkins under the sun of that eye of kindness, and he sat there, looked at by Ernest, the human expression of much Heavenly reward to faithful-hearted labor—the *man* only, though the little one, and in nowise the thing to be laughed at, sneered down, or unloved. For as Herr Teufelsdröck has illustrated to us, there is a great and godlike philosophy in *loving* which altogether shines through clothes and comes at souls.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, February 4, 1860.

A NEW SERIAL STORY OF AMERICAN LIFE.

We shall commence in an early number of *Harper's Weekly* a new Serial Tale of American Life, by a native author. This Tale will be illustrated by Winslow Homer, Esq.

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RAILWAY MORTGAGES.

Events point to some new understanding on the subject of railway mortgages. Mortgages on the best roads in the country are falling due, and can not be paid. In some cases the creditors talk of foreclosure; in most they are content to stand aside, and see what their debtors propose and what their neighbors accept. Both creditors and debtors seem to expect that some new principle on the subject of railway mortgages will be presently proposed, and are ready to discuss it.

The subject lies in a nut-shell. During the railway-building era—which may be said to have commenced in 1848, and to have culminated in 1856—every railroad company in the country borrowed money, and gave its bonds—secured by a mortgage on the road—in return for the loan. These bonds were defective in two respects. They were almost invariably made payable within five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years; and they were drawn with inexcusable looseness. Still, at the time they were made, such was the general confidence in the railway system, and such the public desire to become possessed of railway bonds, that, on the one hand, all sorts of people bought mortgage bonds on railroads, without ever inquiring into their legality; and, on the other, railroad companies issued bonds maturing within a few years, without ever asking themselves how they were to be paid. It is only now that we are reaping the fruit of these errors.

Last year the second mortgage bonds of the Erie Railroad fell due. This year (1860) $21,200,000 of bonds on various railroads in this section of the country mature. Next year (1861) the amount of bonds maturing in our section is $14,700,000. None of these bonds can be paid. None of the railway companies earn money enough to pay their bonded debt out of their earnings. If any of their managers ever expected they would earn money enough to do so they knew very little about railroads. Experience has proved that, when a well-situated and well-managed railroad in this part of the country has paid its working expenses, its construction and repairs account, the interest on its debt, and a fair return to its stockholders, it can not expect to have any thing left. Very few of our roads, in fact, can do as well as this. As to paying off mortgage debts out of earnings, the thing is out of the question, save in the rare cases of the Panama, the Cleveland, Columbus, and Cincinnati, and one or two other roads, which started with a very small debt and a very large and increasing income.

The practical question now before the public is—How is this difficulty to be met? The various railroad companies of the North and West have issued promises to pay which they can not redeem at maturity. What course should be pursued by the creditors? What by the debtors?

There are examples before us. The late President of the Erie Railroad, finding it impossible to pay off his second mortgage bonds at maturity, issued new sheets of coupons payable in five years, which have been accepted by most of the bondholders. The Directors of the Hudson River propose to give their second mortgage bondholders, whose bonds mature this year, new bonds, bearing a second mortgage, secured by a sinking fund, and irredeemable. The Directors of the Michigan Southern offer the holders of their first mortgage bonds, maturing in November next, new bonds, with some twenty-five years to run; likewise secured by a sinking fund and first general mortgage. Other similar schemes are proposed by other railroads in the like predicament.

In discussing these plans it is safe to start with the proposition that if the railroads can be made to pay their bonds, they should at once be sued for the amount. Forbearance, in such a case, would be folly. But can the railroads be made to pay?

There is but one plan by which the various railroad companies whose bonds are now maturing could voluntarily raise money to meet them; and that is by the sale of new bonds. But, in the first place, railroad property has fallen into such disrepute that very few railroad bonds are salable at all. Undoubted bonds, guaranteed by the State of Missouri, bearing seven per cent. interest, and as binding on the State as the regular State issues, can not be sold at a discount of 25 cents on the dollar. The public, in fact, has had enough of railway bonds, and don't want any more. Even if new railway bonds could be sold, they could only be disposed of at a sacrifice which would infallibly involve the company which made it in trouble, if not in ruin. No railroad company in this section of the country can afford to throw away three or four hundred thousand dollars in a negotiation of bonds without risking a receivership. Better default on the bonds at once than attempt to renew them at such a cost. In a word, it is impossible for railroad companies, whose bonds are now maturing, to meet them either out of their earnings or out of the proceeds of sales of new bonds.

The only resource left, under the law, is for the creditors to proceed by foreclosure. It is competent to any mortgage creditor to foreclose his mortgage, and to have the road sold under the forms of law. Whether this be an advisable course is a different question. No prudent man will embark in doubtful litigation if he can possibly avoid it. And we are bound to say that, of all the lawsuits which may seem to involve doubt and uncertainty, a suit for the foreclosure of a railway mortgage bond, drawn ten years ago, is the most doubtful and uncertain. Very many of the railway bonds of that date are, on the face of them, null and void by reason of looseness and informality. Others are open to grave cavil, and if opposed by shrewd lawyers might be fought off for many years. It is, in fact, only within a very brief period that legal accuracy has been introduced into these instruments; and even now there are many unsettled questions on the decision of which the validity of bonds commanding high prices in our market wholly depends. Some railway mortgages in this State were foreclosed ten years ago, and the creditors, who have never touched a cent of interest since the foreclosure, are as far from obtaining their principal as ever. In the West it is far worse. Some States have enacted laws apparently with the sole view of enabling debtors to cheat their creditors; to foreclose a mortgage and collect the amount in Wisconsin, Ohio, or Iowa is the next easiest thing to damming up Niagara with a broomstick. In a word, a railway bondholder, whose bond has matured, and who seeks to recover the amount from the company by legal process, must make up his mind to many years of litigation at a cost which must be enormous, and with a prospect which at best is doubtful and uncertain.

Reverting, then, to the question above put—How are the railroads to be made to pay their maturing bonds?—we find that they can not do so voluntarily, and that they can not be compelled to pay against their will without a course of litigation which few prudent men will encounter. What is the next best thing to be tried?

Several of the roads ask nothing but delay. The Erie promises to pay in 1864 bonds which it can not pay in 1859 or 1860. The Michigan Southern asks a few years more; so do other roads. But what prospect is there that these roads will be better able to pay then than now? Evidently none at all. The practice in the United States has been to build railroads for the sake of developing the country—hence three roads have been built where there was hardly business for one. That practice will not be abandoned. As soon as the present depression has been overcome, railroad building will again be revived, and every town, county, and village in the country will have a railroad running through it. Channels of communication will increase in the ratio of the square of the increase of population and settlement. The most that can be hoped is that sound dividend-paying roads will continue to be profitable, and that some companies now temporarily depressed will recover themselves and resume their old place among dividend-paying concerns. But to expect that railroad companies which can not begin to pay their bonded debts now will be better able to do so five or ten or fifteen years hence, is to shut one's eyes to the inevitable tendency of our habits, and to the irresistible progress of enterprise.

We are thus driven to conclude that the most available and least troublesome course for railways and their bonded creditors to pursue, is to postpone indefinitely the redemption of their bonds. In principle, it must be admitted that this plan is wrong. Engagements, whether made by individuals or by corporations, should be fulfilled at all hazards. But in practice, the renewal, for an indefinite period, of railway bonds, presents fewer difficulties than any other course of dealing with them. This is the method usually adopted with mortgages on real estate, which, though invariably limited for a term of years, are seldom redeemed at maturity. Nor is this plan intrinsically unjust to the *bona fide* holder of railway bonds. Speculators often buy bonds with a view to making a profit on their redemption at par. But the public, when they buy them, take them as investments. Their object is not to make a profit by an advance on their original cost but to secure a permanent income. The longer the bond, the better it suits them. They don't want the principal; to pay it to them would merely put them to the trouble of seeking new investments and running fresh risks. So long as the stipulated income is paid, their object is attained, and practically they have no ground for complaint.

We are inclined to think that the great body of railway creditors will eventually acquiesce in the expediency of this course. Litigious persons and speculators will, of course, spend money in foreclosures; but, unless we are much mistaken, experience will not justify the wisdom of these parties, as a general rule, and those creditors will fare best who, looking merely to the practical point—the annual income—make no complaint so long as that is regularly forthcoming, and allow their bonds to become, for all practical intents and purposes, irredeemable.

THE TERRITORY OF ARIZONA.

We hear that the Mexican Governor of Sonora has made suitable explanations to our representatives on the Pacific, and that the blockade of Guaymas has been raised. So far as it goes this is satisfactory. Guaymas is the natural sea-port of Arizona, and for the sake of the Arizonians it should be kept open.

But it will not do to disguise the fact that, as matters stand, our fellow-citizens residing in the territory of Arizona are practically dependent upon the good-will of a guerrilla chief for their only communication with the outside world. We call the Governor of Sonora a guerrilla chief; he acknowledges no dependence on any Mexican Government, and is peculiarly and emphatically a guerrilla. We call the Guaymas port the only exit from Arizona: there is another, it is true, *via* Texas, but as it involves a month's journey across the plains, it does not deserve to be considered a natural outlet for Arizona, any more than the ports on Hudson's Bay are outlets for New York. The natural port of Arizona is Guaymas, and for permission to use that our countrymen are indebted, as we said above, to the good-will of a guerrilla chief.

By the treaty lately concluded between the representative of the United States and the Juarez Government in Mexico, a perpetual right of transit between Arizona and Guaymas is secured to the United States. That treaty, however, has not, in the first place, been ratified by the United States Senate, and there is reason to believe that the Republican Senators will oppose it on party grounds, lest the Democrats should derive benefit from its ratification; and, in the second place, until the United States interfere openly with arms in the affairs of Mexico, the Juarez Government can grant no valid rights in that country. It may promise what it pleases, but it can fulfill nothing.

The condition of our fellow-citizens in Arizona reflects no credit on the Government of the United States.

THE LOUNGER.

MACAULAY.

How fast our celebrated men have been dropping from our sight! Humboldt and Irving were old men, and in the order of nature calmly passed away; but Macaulay was not old; he was of an age when we expect to see a man who has not abused his powers giving us the fruits of his ripened experience and digested knowledge. Macaulay, indeed, was doing it, and in the best and most characteristic way. For his power was that of a dramatic historian—an annalist. His best essays are his historic essays; and the best part of his purely literary sketches of famous books and people is his account of the times in which they lived and their position in them, with a general estimate of character.

Thus his famous but early review of Milton is as poor a piece of literary criticism, as such, as we shall easily find; but it is a masterly sketch of the circumstances of the time in which the poet lived. The same is true of the article on Bacon. For Macaulay can not be called a great thinker, and no one who is not can be a great critic of thought. Compare, for instance, Carlyle's "Reviews," as they are called, with Macaulay's. Read the papers of the former upon Burns, Scott, Goethe, Richter, and Johnson, and place them by Macaulay's Milton, Bacon, Addison, or Miss Burney. The latter are purely personal sketches, single figures projected against the times in which they lived, which also live under the descriptive touch of the writer; but the former are estimates of intellectual power and significance. Enough of the times is depicted to give interest and color; but it is a matter of philosophical analysis, not of historical description.

Macaulay's finest passages all show the bent of his mind. Probably the trial scene in the "Warren Hastings" is the most famous and successful illustration of his peculiar literary power. And it is this gift—an instinct for history, so to speak, developed by a remarkably trained, capacious, and judicial memory and faculty of acquirement, and expressing itself in a curiously elaborate, antithetical, and luminous style—which made Macaulay pre-eminently the popular English historian. Probably he was as impartial as historians ever can be, for that ideal impartiality, which is vaguely supposed to be the highest excellence of a historian, is simply impossible. A man's sympathies are not under his control, and they necessarily color whatever they touch. He need not take a side in obsolete quarrels; but if he write honestly he can not help, directly or indirectly, expressing an opinion.

Yet Macaulay's style, which is so praised and has been so much imitated, in a small way, can hardly be called one of the great, original, English styles, like Taylor's, and Sir Thomas Brown's, Bacon's, Milton's, Addison's, Johnson's, Goldsmith's, Lamb's, and Carlyle's. It is more popular and intelligible, perhaps, than any of these; and indeed Macaulay will stand among English prose-writers much as Pope does among the poets. Every body will concede how clear and adequate and finished his work is—and that is, perhaps, enough just now.

BARBARIC.

ONE of the inconveniences of a newly-settled country like ours is the loss or oversight of individuality. This shows itself among us in very different and very amusing ways—sometimes also in ways not so amusing. Our vast hotels—great penitentiaries of comfort and luxury—of which the inmates are a population swarming all over the stairs, through the halls, and in the various offices—bustling, jostling, crowding, hurrying—busy as bees in a hive, and as little individual. A guest arrives, is registered, is roomed—takes his key and his candle, and leaves his name in pledge at the office. He is no longer Smith, or even Jones; he is number ten, number seven hundred and forty-nine.

So at table, at the great ordinary, he seats himself, and the national fried beef-steak, swimming in grease—the national mud-slop called coffee, and the national "sarce" are swiftly and noisily "dumped" before him. Solemnly he surveys and silently gulps—solemnly he draws to himself the national pie and silently bolts; and having made sure of a good dyspepsia, in the shortest possible time, he rises and departs.

This comes, of course, from the neighborhood of Indians and savage life. And if you have any doubt of it listen to that frightful crash which at early dawn startles the whole house, with its five hundred inhabitants, and neutralizes by its awful shock any benefit they may have derived from sleep. That is the *gong*—of all inventions the most diabolical, and immediately prefiguring that gnashing of teeth which some of us may have good reason for not wishing to think of. Don't say that the gong is Chinese. Suppose it is, are the Chinese civilized? How about the feet of Afong Moy? The mere knowledge of things is not civilization. Do we not know that the sloppy mud which does duty upon our tables as coffee is abominable? Yet do we not drink it solemnly? Do you call that civilization? Knowledge turned to improvement is civilization, as when, having once been awakened by a gong, you resolve that the head of the next man who strikes a gong while you are sleeping shall pay the penalty. That is civilization in its enlarged and generous sense.

Have we sufficiently reflected what an outrage this crashing of gongs is? Fancy any one of the cases of which there are sure to be a score in every large hotel. First, there are those who are actually ill, and to whom sudden and loud noises are fatal risks. Then there are the chronically nervous people to whom such a hideous tumult is a cruel pang. Of course people ought not to have nerves—but they do have them; and you may be sure gongs will not cure them. Then there are the people who are wakeful and restless, and are not composed to sleep until a late hour of the night or an early one of the morning. Then the arrivals by the late boat or the midnight train, why should they be startled and confounded in their very first nap? Is there no mercy left? Suppose gongs are Chinese, we are not—we are American; and one of the indefeasible rights of man is to have his nap out.

It springs, of course, from the same want of individual respect that leads people in cars deliberately to lean against you—to go to sleep, if they can, on your shoulders, and in hotels to slam their doors, and sing and whistle and shout at all hours in the passages—to fling their boots down at the doors of their rooms, as if nobody else had any rights of quiet and comfort because you have arrived and have taken a room.

Now, since the gong is determined to have us all up, why may we not turn to and put it down that we may turn in in peace? People wake themselves up at home, or are quietly called—why may not the same thing be true of the hotels? In prisons, where offenders against the public peace are sent for punishment, you may, with some show of justice, add the severity of a universal waking by the gong. But even there it is questionable whether an action might not lie for cruel and unusual punishment.

WHOSE FAULT?

IT is decided apparently that the building fell because one iron pillar was not strong enough. Either the constant jar, or the too great weight—not the weakness of the walls or the quicksand beneath—overcame the resistance of one fatal column, and the whole came down.

Of course in the first moments of such a horrible catastrophe there is a loud cry, first for the occasion, then for the responsible man. Whose fault was it? Who ought to have known the weak spots and guarded against them? And there is a wail of indignation mingled with that of sympathy and horror. "The owners are responsible, or the builders, or the architect, or somebody. Surely somebody must have known, or heard, or suspected. Great buildings do not come down on the run, and nobody in the world know any thing about it. There is foul play somewhere. Concealment itself is foul play. Ignorance is crime, in such a matter. Nobody had a right not to know any thing. Capital is always criminal. Great manufacturers are great assassins. Every mill is a possible hecatomb. Let's have the owners, agents, architects, and builders straightway hung for murder."

It is natural. It is often enough reasonable; but it is not always so. There is a limit to human prevision and the possibilities of caution. We have no particular right in this country, where human life is so cheap, to say so, or to insist upon it very strongly, but it is still true. There may be a weakness of material produced by mechanical or chemical action. That weakness may be very accurately computed. But sometimes the calculation may fail because of some imperfection in its conditions. A certain jar incessantly or periodically continued, may, probably will, produce certain results. But it may be a very delicate question to answer whether the particular piece of metal has had the dangerous amount of jar.

The point is that we have no right to impute criminality or criminal negligence too impetuously. If, for instance, any body seriously interested in the Pemberton Mills had heard or had entertained the least suspicion that they could not stand, it is not one of the cases in which he would have run for luck, because there was the certainty of dead loss, and at any moment. He would have insisted upon a thorough examination, a thing which every day takes place. And it is not credible that, if there had been any such insinuation, freely circulated, it would not have come to the ears of those sufficiently interested in the matter to make sure of the facts. That there were some people who did say that the building was weak, who complained that the water would undermine the foundations, that the walls were weak, etc., etc., may be very true. But the walls are not proved to have been inadequately strong (at least up to this moment of writing), and the foundations seem to be unshaken still. It is the iron column which did the work.

Moreover, suspicions of large new buildings are universal. Scarcely a hall is built any where that heads are not shaken. It is all going to come down some day. There is to be some fatal night when we shall see what we shall see; and a great many worthy people avoid the hall until time has proved its stability.

If any body thinks a building is weak, he has no right to be silent; he has no right to end his complaint by telling the owner or the tenant that he thinks so. It is not a private but a public matter. If a great building, like a hall, a factory, a hotel, a railway dépôt, is suspected, it is something in which we are all interested; and the doubt should be laid before the authorities. A building likely to tumble down is the worst kind of nuisance; and a man should have no glory who comes forward, after it has fallen and crushed perhaps scores of human beings, shaking his head wisely, and saying, "Exactly; I told you so. I knew all about it. I saw that the mortar was all sand, and the timber rotten, and that it was bound to come all in a heap, some bright day."

If you did know all this, Sir, and held your tongue, *you* are the responsible man we are looking for. And if knowing it, and telling the interested persons, they did not attend to you, why did you not go to the authorities and complain?

"It was none of your business?"

Why, what is the business of any citizen but the public safety? What man would not be anxious, merely as a property holder, that his house or the store he has built should be sealed by official authority as secure. It is not so difficult or inconvenient a thing to have the strength of buildings tested, especially when they are in course of erection, and then, if ever, the suspicion arises. The reports that come out after the event prove either too much or nothing; that is, they show that they were not really believed by the persons who told them, because if they were they would be savages if they held their tongues, or they show that the persons conceived that they might be savages and yet honest citizens.

Of course, if it shall be established at Lawrence that the mills were insecure and known to be so, the guilt must lie upon those who had the knowledge; and upon them the punishment also should fall.

OFF THE TRACK.

THE rule is exactly the same in railway accidents. Some must be accounted unavoidable. For instance, when a piece of iron that has been tested suddenly cracks, snaps, and throws the train over, it can not be said indeed that lives need be lost, because, if the train had been proceeding at the rate of a mile an hour, life would not have been lost although the iron did not snap. But there are certain chances—certain risks, and all we can justly insist upon is the most stringent care.

Such care, for instance, as was most distinctly *not* shown in either of the late accidents upon the Hudson of Harlem roads. A train goes into a tunnel, stops for a moment, and another train goes in, and, in the obscurity, dashes directly upon the first train. It is as criminally careless as to let a child fall out of a window. No train any where should be allowed to run so closely to another that a man might not have time to go back a mile to give warning. The question does not admit of debate. The persons who arranged the time-table are as clearly responsible as men can be for any event; because, according to the statement, there was not time to stop the following train even had it been attempted.

On the Hudson road the same kind of carelessness caused the most tragical results. Apparently there was time to warn the following train, but nobody thought it a matter of vital importance. The flagman sent to warn placidly says, "I might, I suppose, have gone faster: I might have gone to the curve." The conductor, it appears, had sent him, and probably supposed he was attending to his work. But every traveler by railway ought to remember that, if he be in danger when the train is moving, he is doubly endangered when it stops out of place. And every conductor ought certainly to inform the passengers what causes the detention—and to suggest to them that they are much safer out of the cars than in them. Half—perhaps nine-tenths of all the railway accidents are avoidable; and it is a matter of public interest and congratulation that Mr. W. J. A. Fuller, who was one of the victims of the rotten bridge near Troy, last summer, is steadily pushing his criminal suit against the Company.

There has been great improvement in this matter within a few years. The Norwalk tragedy was a culmination of horrors, and greater care has doubtless been exercised. But the event upon the Hudson road shows how useless the strictest care of the superior authorities may be. The Company, we will suppose, order the conductor to secure safety at all hazards. The train is stopped on the way, and the conductor orders the flagman to signal the approaching train. He signals the next flagman—or thinks he does—or means to—or doesn't. The next flagman does or does not see; but in either case doesn't care nor signal. Is the Company to be blamed—or the conductor? Surely not. It is a most melancholy result of indifference or negligence for which neither were, and neither could be, responsible. There must be subordinates. The subordinates must have a certain latitude of action out of the immediate inspection of the conductor. They may be thoughtless, reckless, and the crash comes.

Undoubtedly such carelessness ought to be made penal in the severest manner. At such a moment the flagman is suddenly charged with the care of the lives of all the passengers, and his penalty should be in the degree of the responsibility.

However, no man can fail to allow that, when we consider the thousands of persons who are traveling by rail at almost all hours of the day and night, the number of lives lost is really very small, notwithstanding the terrible computation of the Professor who reduced to statistical tables the average chances of accident by such travel. Scarcely a train goes without an express agent, and that unhappy man owes, by the laws of statistics, his legs, arms, and neck, to the justification of the doctrine of chances. Yet there is also the chance that you and not he may happen to be the victim. And, on the whole, it is not a branch of statistics particularly well worth studying.

PUBLIC HALLS OVERHAULED.

IS there a public hall in your town? Is it sometimes crowded at concerts, fairs, Sunday-school festivals, lectures, and other assemblies? If it takes fire, how many are likely to escape? When the audience retires in the most orderly manner, does it take ten or twenty minutes, or more, to empty the room? In case of panic, how soon would it be emptied, do you think? Or do halls never burn in your town?

A Lounger who goes about the world looking and meditating can not help seeing a great many halls of the kind that would secure the destruction of the audience if an alarm should create a panic. How is it in New Bedford? How in New London? How in Troy? in Auburn? in Rochester, even, with that pretty "Corinthian Hall?" How in Providence? in Salem? in Philadelphia? in Buffalo? Where, in fact, is the public hall that is not really a trap? The first necessity of a theatre is an adequate egress, because a theatre is considered to be peculiarly exposed, and because the panic, in case of alarm, is certain. But the chances in almost any theatre, even without such facilities as are afforded in the New York and Boston houses, are more favorable to the safety of the audience than in most halls. Suppose, for instance, that Mr Everett comes to your town to deliver his "Washington." The hall will be packed as full as possible. You and your wife, your aunt, your cousin Mary, and your two girls, are all there. You have secured capital seats in the middle of the hall; you are all attention; the orator is all eloquence; when somebody cries suddenly, "Fire! fire!" Think of it! It is certainly very possible; and you remember that the only egress for all that mass of people is the broad door and staircase at the end of the hall. What is the chance that your wife will escape to enjoy the proceeds of the insurance upon your life?

This is all very possible, without any foolish apprehension at all; and why do you "stand it?" Why do you and your neighbors and the whole town consent to run this terrible risk, when it might be so easily avoided? Suppose the catastrophe occurs; who is to blame? It is not to be put off upon proprietors, and builders, and other people in general. You went with a full knowledge of the dangerous risk; you took your family with you. You knew that if any thing happened you would suffer; your remonstrance and that of your neighbors could have prevented it, and upon you and them the responsibility falls and must remain.

Such a hall is as much a nuisance as a shaky building, and ought to be indicted. You ought to be willing to serve a year in the town council that you may introduce a bill requiring certain facilities of egress from every large room designed to be used as a place of public assembly. No such hall ought to be allowed to be upon the third floor, for instance, or so situated that only two or three small doors at the ends are possible. And if no private person would put up a hall under such restrictions as common sense indicates to be necessary for the public security, then let it be erected by the town. No hall is very valuable property, and it ought to be a public expense, if the proper chances of safety can be secured in no other way.

In the city of Hudson, where there is a large and handsome hall for various purposes, the exposure of life is so clearly perceived that measures are to be taken to remedy the difficulty. And yet the hall in Hudson is no more dangerous than the halls in scores of other cities. But the people in that city are going to lock the door before the horse is stolen, and they are not frightened out of their resolution by hearing that the horse is not to be stolen. That is perfectly easy to say before the theft.

REAL PEOPLE IN NOVELS.

ONE of the most celebrated of living novelists once wrote an exquisite paper in the style of the "Tatler," and the essayists upon a lady whom he honestly admired. Her portrait was drawn with a quaint grace, with no offensive personality or allusion, and with a tender honesty of admiration of which any woman might have been proud. To his amazement she was indignant—her husband was indignant—her parents were indignant—the circle of friends was indignant—and the unfortunate novelist was left—to smile at the absurdity of mankind.

Another famous novelist, Mr. Dickens, has been incessantly accused of "showing up" various people. When "Nicholas Nickleby" was published, half a hundred schoolmasters in Yorkshire indignantly declared that they had been satirized and maligned by Mr. Dickens! "What, old mole! work'st thou in the ground so fast?" When "Bleak House" was published, it was currently rumored that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole. A kind of airy confusion of moral distinctions, and a merry magic by which *tuum* always became *meum*—a consuming and insolent selfishness which masked as boyish ignorance and romantic sentiment—a knavish *naïveté*, in fact, were said to be recognizable as intended for Leigh Hunt. It was so cruel and incredible that it could not be true. If Charles Dickens, the pet of the Anglo-Saxon world, the easy chief of its most popular literature, and the great successor of Walter Scott, in the very bloom and prime of his genius, fame, and success, could so meanly malign the man who had grown old in literature, admired and loved by his circle, which was by no means the world, always poor, yet always loyal in life and lovely in nature—then Charles Dickens was not the man the world had taken him for.

To state the case was to decide it. It was not so. How, or why, or what it was would some time appear; and at last it has appeared; and in a late number of *All the Year Round* Mr. Charles Dickens says:

> "Four or five years ago the writer of these lines was much pained by accidentally encountering a printed statement 'that Leigh Hunt was the original of Harold Skimpole in "Bleak House."' The writer of these lines is the author of that book. The statement came from America. It is no disrespect to that country, in which the writer has, perhaps, as many friends and as true an interest as any man that lives, good-humoredly to state the fact that he has, now and then, been the subject of paragraphs in transatlantic newspapers more surprisingly destitute of all foundation in truth than the wildest delusions of the wildest lunatics. For reasons born of this experience he let the thing go by. But since Mr. Leigh Hunt's death the statement has been revived in England. The delicacy and generosity evinced in its revival are for the rather late consideration of its revivers. The fact is this: Exactly those graces and charms of manner which are remembered in the words we have quoted were remembered by the author of the work of fiction in question when he drew the character in question. Above all other things, that 'sort of gay and ostentatious willfulness' in the humoring of a subject which had many a time delighted him, and impressed him as being unspeakably whimsical and attractive, was the airy quality he wanted for the man he invented. Partly for this reason, and partly (he has since often grieved to think) for the pleasure it afforded him to think of that delightful manner reproducing itself under his hand, he yielded to the temptation of too often making the character speak like his old friend. He no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture. Even as to the mere occasional manner he meant to be so cautious and conscientious that he privately referred the proof-sheets of the first number of that book to two intimate literary friends of Leigh Hunt (both still living), and altered the whole of that part of the text on their discovering too strong a resemblance to 'his way.'
>
> "He can not see the son lay this wreath on the father's tomb, and leave him to the possibility of ever thinking that the present words might have righted the father's memory and were left unwritten. He can not know that his own son may have to explain his father when folly or malice can wound his heart no more, and leave this task undone."

So is it constantly in novel-writing. Some traits—some facts, perhaps—some humorous or characteristic points are selected to be woven into entirely fictitious characters, and straightway every incident, and the whole character, are declared to have been drawn from life, and to be "showings up" of certain people.

Shall painters, therefore, draw legs without models?

HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

JOHN HICKMAN, the representative in Congress from the *Sixth* Congressional District of Pennsylvania, was born on the 11th of September, 1810, in the Township of West Bradford, five miles west from the Borough of West Chester, the seat of justice for the old and populous County of Chester. He springs from a family of the same name long settled in the two counties composing his district, and principally distinguished as enterprising and successful agriculturists. In the year 1831 Mr. Hickman entered the law-office of the Hon. Townsend Haines, now President-Judge of the Fifteenth Judicial District of Pennsylvania; and after prosecuting his studies for the prescribed period, was admitted to the bar on the 9th of April, 1833. He entered political life before his majority, casting his first vote with the Democratic party in 1831; supporting General Jackson in 1832; and adhering to the Democracy in all the national campaigns up to the present time. He was chosen a delegate to the Baltimore Convention which nominated James K. Polk, in 1844. Public attention was first drawn to him in this Convention as an eloquent and logical debater, and he is mentioned historically by Colonel Benton, in his work, "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," in connection with the proceedings of the National Convention held at Baltimore in 1844.

After the nomination of Mr. Polk Mr. Hickman returned to his district, and entered into the struggle with enthusiasm. During the canvass he spoke on more than one hundred occasions. He received the Democratic nomination for Congress of his district in 1844, but party lines were then too closely drawn either for himself or friends to hope for an election—the district at that time being generally carried by the old Whig party, with a majority ranging from fifteen to eighteen hundred. In the early part of the year 1845 he was appointed by the Hon. John K. Kane Prosecuting Attorney for Chester County, a position he held with great distinction.

He entered into all the succeeding State and National campaigns with great vigor and earnestness. He labored energetically for the elevation of General Cass in 1848; and in 1852 equally so for General Pierce. In 1854 he was nominated by the Democracy of his district for Congress. The first impression was very decidedly against his election, because of the heavy opposition majority; but his opponent becoming entangled in a difficulty with a portion of his own party, the disaffected—many of whom were personal friends and admirers of Mr. Hickman—threw their votes for him, and elected him to Congress by a majority reaching very nearly to *three thousand!*

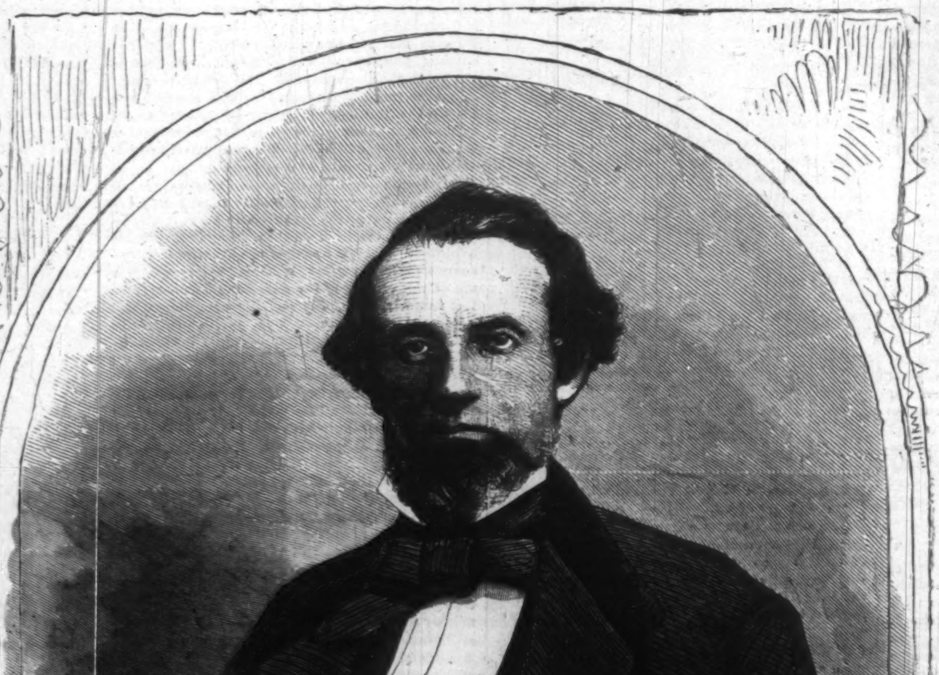
When the Kansas-Nebraska legislation—which included the repeal of the Missouri Compromise—was before the country, Mr. Hickman was opposed to it. He had at all times said if he had been in Congress he would have voted against that legislation, but before his election he took decided ground in opposition to the "restoration" of the Missouri line. He would have favored the extension of the Missouri line to the Pacific, but after its abrogation he accepted the doctrine of Popular Sovereignty as originally held by its advocates.

Mr. Hickman defended his old friend, Hon. A. H. Reeder, when his contested election came before the House of Representatives. Being a member of the Committee of Elections in the thirty-fourth Congress, the case of Governor Reeder was committed principally to his charge by the majority of that Committee. It was he who, on behalf of the Committee, asked for power to send for persons and papers, so as to lay bare to the country all the facts in regard to the frauds charged in the elections in Kansas; whence mainly came the voluminous report showing that the alleged frauds in that Territory were true in nearly every particular. Mr. Hickman was again renominated by the Democracy of his district, and re-elected to Congress in 1856.

While Mr. Buchanan was absent at the Court of St. James, Mr. Hickman declared in favor of him as the Democratic nominee for the next President, maintained this position until his nomination was secured at Cincinnati, in 1856, and entered into the canvass with enthusiasm.

It is well known that he has since had the misfortune, in common with many other members of the Democratic party, to disagree with Mr. Buchanan in regard to the admission of Kansas under the Lecompton Constitution. He took positive grounds against the Lecompton Constitution, opposed the English bill, and threw himself into direct antagonism to the National Administration. He came home to his constituents in 1858; was renominated for Congress in the autumn of that year by the Anti-Lecompton Democrats, and afterward by a portion of the Republican party. Both of the great parties in the district were rent in twain by his popularity. Three candidates were in the field, and Mr. Hickman, in a contest of unexampled bitterness, where every salient point was attacked, came forth successful from the encounter.

Mr. Hickman has fine social qualities, and is never happier than when in the midst of his associates. Public life is not his choice. Once out of his present prominent position he would never return to it voluntarily. He is recognized at home as a man of unquestioned courage, courteous toward his adversary, but unwilling to make a single concession by which the truth would fail to be vindicated. His powers as an orator, combined with close analytical and logical reasoning faculties, are freely admitted where he is best known.



HON. JOHN HICKMAN, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD SECRET," "AFTER DARK," ETC., ETC.

[Printed from advance proof-sheets purchased from the author exclusively for "Harper's Weekly."]

MISS HALCOMBE'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

LIMMERIDGE HOUSE.

November 27.—My forebodings are realized. The marriage is fixed for the twenty-third of December.

The day after we left for Polesdean Lodge, Sir Percival wrote, it seems, to Mr. Fairlie, to say that the necessary repairs and alterations in his house in Hampshire would occupy a much longer time in completion than he had originally anticipated. The proper estimates were to be submitted to him as soon as possible; and it would greatly facilitate his entering into definite arrangements with the work-people if he could be informed of the exact period at which the wedding ceremony might be expected to take place. He could then make all his calculations in reference to time, besides writing the necessary apologies to friends who had been engaged to visit him that winter, and who could not, of course, be received when the house was in the hands of the workmen.

To this letter Mr. Fairlie had replied by requesting Sir Percival himself to suggest a day for the marriage, subject to Miss Fairlie's approval, which her guardian willingly undertook to do his best to obtain. Sir Percival wrote back by the next post, and proposed (in accordance with his own views and wishes from the first) the latter part of December—perhaps the twenty-third or twenty-fourth, or any other day that the lady and her guardian might prefer. The lady not being at hand to speak for herself, her guardian had decided, in her absence, on the earliest day mentioned—the twenty-third of December—and had written to recall us to Limmeridge in consequence.

After explaining these particulars to me at a private interview, yesterday, Mr. Fairlie suggested, in his most amiable manner, that I should open the necessary negotiations to-day. Feeling that resistance was useless, unless I could first obtain Laura's authority to make it, I consented to speak to her, but declared, at the same time, that I would on no consideration undertake to gain her consent to Sir Percival's wishes. Mr. Fairlie complimented me on my "excellent conscience," much as he would have complimented me, if we had been out walking, on my "excellent constitution," and seemed perfectly satisfied, so far, with having simply shifted one more family responsibility from his own shoulders to mine.

This morning I spoke to Laura as I had promised. The composure—I may almost say, the insensibility—which she has so strangely and so resolutely maintained ever since Sir Percival left us, was not proof against the shock of the news I had to tell her. She turned pale, and trembled violently.

"Not so soon!" she pleaded. "Oh, Marian, not so soon!"

The slightest hint she could give was enough for me. I rose to leave the room, and fight her battle for her at once with Mr. Fairlie.

Just as my hand was on the door she caught fast hold of my dress, and stopped me.

"Let me go!" I said. "My tongue burns to tell your uncle that he and Sir Percival are not to have it all their own way."

She sighed bitterly, and still held my dress.

"No!" she said, faintly. "Too late, Marian—too late!"

"Not a minute too late," I retorted. "The question of time is *our* question—and trust me, Laura, to take a woman's full advantage of it."

I unclasped her hand from my gown while I spoke; but she slipped both her arms round my waist at the same moment, and held me more effectually than ever.

"It will only involve us in more trouble and more confusion," she said. "It will set you and my uncle at variance, and bring Sir Percival here again with fresh causes of complaint—"

"So much the better!" I cried out, passionately. "Who cares for his causes of complaint? Are you to break your heart to set his mind at ease? No man under heaven deserves these sacrifices from us women. Men! They are the enemies of our innocence and our peace—they drag us away from our parents' love and our sisters' friendship—they take us body and soul to themselves, and fasten our helpless lives to theirs as they chain up a dog to his kennel. And what does the best of them give us in return? Let me go, Laura—I'm mad when I think of it!"

The tears—miserable, weak women's tears of vexation and rage—started to my eyes. She smiled sadly, and put her handkerchief over my face, to hide for me the betrayal of my own weakness—the weakness of all others which she knew that I most despised.

"Oh, Marian!" she said. "*You* crying! Think what you would say to me if the places were changed, and if those tears were mine. All your love and courage and devotion will not alter what *must* happen, sooner or later. Let my uncle have his way. Let us have no more troubles and heart-burnings that any sacrifice of mine can prevent. Say you will live with me, Marian, when I am married—and say no more."

But I did say more. I forced back the contemptible tears that were no relief to *me*, and that only distressed *her*; and reasoned and pleaded as calmly as I could. It was of no avail. She made me twice repeat the promise to live with her when she was married, and then suddenly asked a question which turned my sorrow and my sympathy for her into a new direction.

"While we were at Polesdean," she said, "you had a letter, Marian—"

Her altered tone; the abrupt manner in which she looked away from me, and hid her face on my shoulder; the hesitation which silenced her before she had completed her question, all told me but too plainly to whom the half-expressed inquiry pointed.

"I thought, Laura, that you and I were never to refer to him again," I said, gently.

"You had a letter from him?" she persisted.

"Yes," I replied, "if you must know it."

"Do you mean to write to him again?"

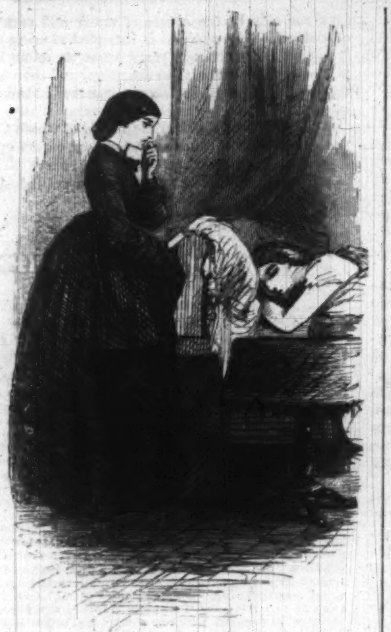
I hesitated. I had been afraid to tell her of his absence from England, or of the manner in which my exertions to serve his new hopes and projects had connected me with his departure. What answer could I make? He was gone where no letters could follow with the chance of reaching him for months, perhaps for years, to come.

"Suppose I do mean to write to him again," I said, at last. "What then, Laura?"

Her cheek grew burning hot against my neck, and her arms trembled and tightened round me.

"Don't tell him about *the twenty-third*," she whispered. "Promise, Marian—pray promise you will not even mention my name to him when you write next."

I gave the promise—no words can say how sorrowfully I gave it. She instantly took her



arm from my waist, walked away to the window, and stood looking out, with her back to me. After a moment she spoke once more, but without turning round, without allowing me to catch the smallest glimpse of her face.

"Are you going to my uncle's room?" she asked. "Will you say that I consent to whatever arrangement he may think best? Never mind leaving me, Marian. I shall be better alone for a little while."

I went out. If, as soon as I got into the passage, I could have transported Mr. Fairlie and Sir Percival Glyde to the uttermost ends of the earth, by lifting one of my fingers, that finger would have been raised without an instant's hesitation. For once, my unhappy temper now stood my friend. I should have broken down altogether and burst into a violent fit of crying, if my tears had not been all burned up in the heat of my anger. As it was, I dashed into Mr. Fairlie's room—called to him as harshly as possible, "Laura consents to the twenty-third"—and dashed out again without waiting for a word of answer. I banged the door after me; and I hope I shattered Mr. Fairlie's nervous system for the rest of the day.

28th.—This morning I read poor Hartright's farewell letter over again; a doubt having crossed my mind since yesterday whether I am acting wisely in concealing the fact of his departure from Laura.

On reflection, I still think I am right. The allusions in his letter to the preparations made for the expedition to Central America all show that the leaders of it know it to be dangerous. If the discovery of this makes *me* uneasy, what would it make *her?* It is bad enough to feel that his departure has deprived us of the friend of all others to whose devotion we could trust in the hour of need, if ever that hour comes and finds us helpless. But it is far worse to know that he has gone from us to face the perils of a bad climate, a wild country, and a disturbed population. Surely it would be a cruel candor to tell Laura this, without a pressing and a positive necessity for it?

I almost doubt whether I ought not to go a step farther, and burn the letter at once, for fear of its one day falling into wrong hands. It not only refers to Laura in terms which ought to remain a secret forever between the writer and me, but it reiterates his suspicion—so obstinate, so unaccountable, and so alarming—that he has been secretly watched since he left Limmeridge. He declares that he saw the faces of the two strange men who followed him about the streets of London watching him among the crowd which gathered at Liverpool to see the expedition embark; and he positively asserts that he heard the name of Anne Catherick pronounced behind him as he got into the boat. His own words are, "These events have a meaning—these events must lead to a result. The mystery of Anne Catherick is *not* cleared up yet. She may never cross my path again; but if ever she crosses yours make better use of the opportunity, Miss Halcombe, than I made of it. I speak on strong conviction; I entreat you to remember what I say." These are his own expressions. There is no danger of my forgetting them—my memory is only too ready to dwell on any words of Hartright's that refer to Anne Catherick. But there is danger in my keeping the letter. The merest accident might place it at the mercy of strangers. I may fall ill; I may die; better to burn it at once, and have one anxiety the less by knowing that it has been destroyed.

It is burned! The ashes of his farewell letter—the last he may ever write to me—lie in a few black fragments on the hearth. Is this the sad end to all that sad story? Oh, not the end—surely, surely not the end already!

29th.—The preparations for the marriage have begun. The dress-maker has come to receive her orders. Laura is perfectly impassive, perfectly careless about the question of all others in which a woman's personal interests are most closely bound up. She has left it all to the dress-maker and to me. If poor Hartright had been the baronet, and the husband of her father's choice, how differently she would have behaved! How anxious and capricious she would have been; and what a hard task the best of dress-makers would have found it to please her!

30th.—We hear every day from Sir Percival. The last news is that the alterations in his house will occupy from four to six months before they can be properly completed. If painters, paper-hangers, and upholsterers could make happiness as well as splendor, I should be interested about their proceedings in Laura's future home. As it is, the only part of Sir Percival's last letter which does not leave me as it found me—perfectly indifferent to all his plans and projects—is the part which refers to the wedding-tour. He proposes, as Laura is delicate, and as the winter threatens to be unusually severe, to take her to Rome, and to remain in Italy until the early part of next summer. If this plan should not be approved, he is equally ready, although he has no establishment of his own in town, to spend the season in London, in the most suitable furnished house that can be obtained for the purpose.

Putting myself and my own feelings entirely out of the question (which it is my duty to do, and which I have done), I, for one, have no doubt of the propriety of adopting the first of these proposals. In either case, a separation between Laura and me is inevitable. It will be a longer separation, in the event of their going abroad, than it would be in the event of their remaining in London; but we must set against this disadvantage the benefit to Laura, on the other side, of passing the winter in a mild climate; and, more than that, the immense assistance in raising her spirits, and reconciling her to her new existence, which the mere wonder and excitement of traveling for the first time in her life in the most interesting country in the world must surely afford. She is not of a disposition to find resources in the conventional gayeties and excitements of London. They would only make the first oppression of this lamentable marriage fall the heavier on her. I dread the beginning of her new life more than words can tell; but I see some hope for her if she travels—none if she remains at home.

It is strange to look back at this latest entry in my journal, and to find that I am writing of the marriage and the parting with Laura as people write of a settled thing. It seems so cold and so unfeeling to be looking at the future already in this cruelly composed way. But what other way is possible, now that the time is drawing so near? Before another month is over our heads she will be *his* Laura instead of mine! *His* Laura! I am as little able to realize the idea which those two words convey—my mind feels almost as dulled and stunned by it as if writing of her marriage were like writing of her death.

December 1.—A sad, sad day; a day that I have no heart to describe at any length. After weakly putting it off last night, I was obliged to speak to her this morning of Sir Percival's proposal about the wedding-tour.

In the full conviction that I should be with her wherever she went, the poor child—for a child she is still in many things—was almost happy at the prospect of seeing the wonders of Florence and Rome and Naples. It nearly broke my heart to dispel her delusion, and to bring her face to face with the hard truth. I was obliged to tell her that no man tolerates a rival—not even a woman-rival—in his wife's affections, when he first marries, whatever he may do afterward. I was obliged to warn her that my chance of living with her permanently, under her own roof, depended entirely on my not arousing Sir Percival's jealousy and distrust by standing between them at the beginning of their marriage in the position of the chosen depositary of his wife's closest secrets. Drop by drop I poured the profaning bitterness of this world's wisdom into that pure heart and that innocent mind, while every higher and better feeling within me recoiled from my miserable task. It is over now. She has learned her hard, her inevitable lesson. The simple illusions of her girlhood are gone, and my hand has stripped them off. Better mine than his—that is all my consolation—better mine than his!

So the first proposal is the proposal accepted. They are to go to Italy; and I am to arrange, with Sir Percival's permission, for meeting them and staying with them when they return to England. In other words, I am to ask a personal favor, for the first time in my life, and to ask it of the man of all others to whom I least desire to owe a serious obligation of any kind. Well! I think I could do even more than that for Laura's sake.

2d.—On looking back, I find myself always referring to Sir Percival in disparaging terms. In the turn affairs have now taken I must and will root out my prejudice against him. I can not think how it first got into my mind. It certainly never existed in former times.

Is it Laura's reluctance to become his wife that has set me against him? Have Hartright's perfectly intelligible prejudices infected me without my suspecting their influence? Does that letter of Anne Catherick's still leave a lurking distrust in my mind, in spite of Sir Percival's explanation, and of the proof in my possession of the truth of it? I can not account for the state of my own feelings: the one thing I am certain of is, that it is my duty—doubly my duty now—not to wrong Sir Percival by unjustly distrusting him. If it has got to be a habit with me always to write of him in the same unfavorable manner, I must and will break myself of this unworthy tendency, even though the effort should force me to close the pages of my journal till the marriage is over! I am seriously dissatisfied with myself—I will write no more to-day.

* * * * * *

December 16.—A whole fortnight has passed, and I have not once opened these pages. I have been long enough away from my journal to come back to it with a healthier and better mind, I hope, so far as Sir Percival is concerned.

There is not much to record of the past two weeks. The dresses are almost all finished, and the new traveling-trunks have been sent here from London. Poor dear Laura hardly leaves me for a moment all day; and last night, when neither of us could sleep, she came and crept into my bed to talk to me there. "I shall lose you so soon, Marian," she said; "I must make the most of you while I can."

They are to be married at Limmeridge Church, and, thank Heaven! not one of the neighbors is to be invited to the ceremony. The only visitor will be our old friend, Mr. Arnold, who is to come from Polesdean to give Laura away—her uncle being far too delicate to trust himself outside the door in such inclement weather as we now have. If I were not determined, from this day forth, to see nothing but the bright side of our prospects, the melancholy absence of any male relative of Laura's, at the most important moment of her life, would make me very gloomy and very distrustful of the future. But I have done with gloom and distrust—that is to say, I have done with writing about either the one or the other in this journal.

Sir Percival is to arrive to-morrow. He offered, in case we wished to treat him on terms of rigid etiquette, to write and ask our clergyman to grant him the hospitality of the rectory during the short period of his sojourn at Limmeridge before the marriage. Under the circumstances, neither Mr. Fairlie nor I thought it at all necessary for us to trouble ourselves about attending to trifling forms and ceremonies. In our wild moorland country, and in this great lonely house, we may well claim to be beyond the reach of the trivial conventionalities which hamper people in other places. I wrote to Sir Percival to thank him for his polite offer, and to beg that he would occupy his old rooms, just as usual, at Limmeridge House.

17th.—He arrived to-day, looking, as I thought, a little worn and anxious, but still talking and laughing like a man in the best possible spirits. He brought with him some really beautiful presents, in jewelry, which Laura received with her best grace, and, outwardly at least, with perfect self-possession. The only sign I can detect of the struggle it must cost her to preserve appearances at this trying time, expresses itself in a sudden unwillingness, on her part, ever to be left alone. Instead of retreating to her own room, as usual, she seems to dread going there. When I went up stairs to-day, after lunch, to put on my bonnet for a walk, she volunteered to join me; and, again, before dinner, she threw the door open between our two rooms, so that we might talk to each other while we were dressing. "Keep me always doing something," she said; "keep me always in company with somebody. Don't let me think—that is all I ask now, Marian—don't let me think."

This sad change in her only increases her attractions for Sir Percival. He interprets it, I can see, to his own advantage. There is a feverish flush in her cheeks, a feverish brightness in her eyes, which he welcomes as the return of her beauty and the recovery of her spirits. She talked to-day at dinner with a gayety and carelessness so false, so shockingly out of her character, that I secretly longed to silence her and take her away. Sir Percival's delight and surprise appeared to be beyond all expression. The anxiety which I had noticed on his face when he arrived totally disappeared from it; and he looked, even to my eyes, a good ten years younger than he really is.

There can be no doubt—though some strange perversity prevents me from seeing it myself—there can be no doubt that Laura's future husband is a very handsome man. Regular features form a personal advantage to begin with—and he has them. Bright brown eyes, either in man or woman, are a great attraction—and he has them. Even baldness, when it is only baldness over the forehead (as in his case), is rather becoming than not in a man, for it heightens the head and adds to the intelligence of the face. Grace and ease of movement; perfect good breeding; ready, pliant, conversational powers—all these are unquestionable merits, and all these he certainly possesses. Surely Mr. Gilmore, ignorant as he is of Laura's secret, was not to blame for feeling surprised that she should repent of her marriage engagement? Any one else in his place would have shared our good old friend's opinion. If I were asked, at this moment, to say plainly what defects I have discovered in Sir Percival, I could only point out two. One, his incessant restlessness and excitability—which may be caused, naturally enough, by unusual energy of character. The other, his short, sharp, contemptuous manner of speaking to the servants—which may be only a bad habit, after all. No: I can not dispute it, and I will not dispute it—Sir Percival is a very handsome and a very agreeable man. There! I have written it down at last, and I am glad it's over.

18th.—Feeling weary and depressed this morning, I left Laura with Mrs. Vesey, and went out alone for one of my brisk mid-day walks, which I have discontinued too much of late. I took the dry, airy road over the moor that leads to Todd's Corner. After having been out half an hour, I was excessively surprised to see Sir Percival approaching me from the direction of the farm. He was walking rapidly, swinging his stick; his head erect as usual, and his shooting-jacket flying open in the wind. When we met he did not wait for me to ask any questions—he told me, at once, that he had been to the farm to inquire if Mr. and Mrs. Todd had received any tidings, since his last visit to Limmeridge, of Anne Catherick.

"You found, of course, that they had heard nothing?" I said.

"Nothing whatever," he replied. "I begin to be seriously afraid that we have lost her. Do you happen to know," he continued, looking me in the face very attentively, "if the artist—Mr. Hartright—is in a position to give us any further information?"

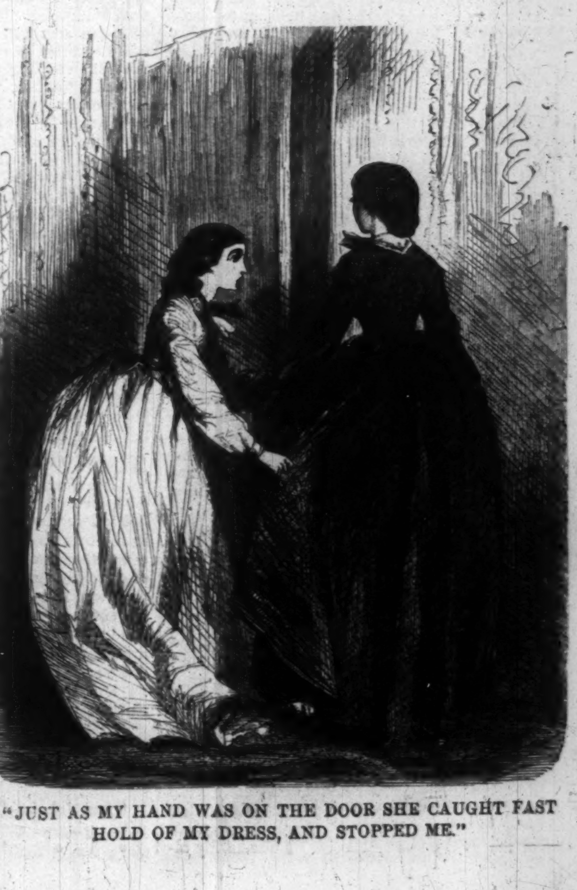
"He has neither heard of her, nor seen her, since he left Cumberland," I answered.

"Very sad," said Sir Percival, speaking like a man who was disappointed, and yet, oddly enough, looking, at the same time, like a man who was relieved. "It is impossible to say what misfortunes may not have happened to the miserable creature. I am inexpressibly annoyed at the failure of all my efforts to restore her to the care and protection which she so urgently needs."

This time he really looked annoyed. I said a few sympathizing words, and we then talked of other subjects on our way back to the house. Surely my chance meeting with him on the moor has disclosed another favorable trait in his character? Surely it was singularly considerate and unselfish of him to think of Anne Catherick on the eve of his marriage, and to go all the way to Todd's Corner to make inquiries about her, when he might have passed the time so much more agreeably in Laura's society? Considering that he can only have acted from motives of pure charity, his conduct, under the circumstances, shows unusual good feeling, and deserves extraordinary praise. Well! I give him extraordinary praise—and there's an end of it.

19th.—More discoveries in the inexhaustible mine of Sir Percival's virtues.

To-day I approached the subject of my proposed sojourn under his wife's roof when he brings her back to England. I had hardly dropped my first hint in this direction before he caught me warmly by the hand, and said I had made the very offer to him which he had been on his side most anxious to make to me. I was the companion of all others whom he most sincerely longed to secure for his wife; and he begged me to believe that I had conferred a lasting favor on him by making the proposal to live with Laura after her marriage exactly as I had always lived with her before it.



"JUST AS MY HAND WAS ON THE DOOR SHE CAUGHT FAST HOLD OF MY DRESS, AND STOPPED ME."

When I had thanked him, in her name and in mine, for his considerate kindness to both of us, we passed next to the subject of his wedding tour, and began to talk of the English society in Rome to which Laura was to be introduced. He ran over the names of several friends whom he expected to meet abroad this winter. They were all English, as well as I can remember, with one exception. The one exception was Count Fosco.

The mention of the Count's name, and the discovery that he and his wife are likely to meet the bride and bridegroom on the Continent, puts Laura's marriage, for the first time, in a distinctly favorable light. It is likely to be the means of healing a family feud. Hitherto Madame Fosce has chosen to forget her obligations as Laura's aunt out of sheer spite against the late Mr. Fairlie for his conduct in the affair of the legacy. Now, however, she can persist in this course of conduct no longer. Sir Percival and Count Fosco are old and fast friends, and their wives will have no choice but to meet on civil terms. Madame Fosco, in her maiden days, was one of the most impertinent women I ever met with—capricious, exacting, and vain to the last degree of absurdity. If her husband has succeeded in bringing her to her senses he deserves the gratitude of every member of the family—and he may have mine to begin with.

I am becoming anxious to know the Count. He is the most intimate friend of Laura's husband, and in that capacity he excites my strongest interest. Neither Laura nor I have ever seen him. All I know of him is that his accidental presence, years ago, on the steps of the Trinità del Monté at Rome, assisted Sir Percival's escape from robbery and assassination, at the critical moment when he was wounded in the hand, and might, the next instant, have been wounded in the heart. I remember also that, at the time of the late Mr. Fairlie's absurd objections to his sister's marriage, the Count wrote him a very temperate and sensible letter on the subject, which, I am ashamed to say, remained unanswered. This is all I know of Sir Percival's friend. I wonder if he will ever come to England? I wonder if I shall like him?

My pen is running away into mere speculation. Let me return to sober matter of fact. It is certain that Sir Percival's reception of my venturesome proposal to live with his wife was more than kind—it was almost affectionate. I am sure Laura's husband will have no reason to complain of me if I can only go on as I have begun. I have already declared him to be handsome, agreeable, full of good feeling toward the unfortunate, and full of affectionate kindness toward me. Really I hardly know myself again in my new character of Sir Percival's warmest friend.

20th.—I hate Sir Percival! I flatly deny his good looks; I consider him to be eminently disagreeable, and totally wanting in kindness and good feeling. Last night the cards for the married couple were sent home. Laura opened the packet, and saw her future name in print for the first time. Sir Percival looked over her shoulder familiarly at the new card which had already transformed Miss Fairlie into Lady Glyde—smiled with the most odious self-complacency—and whispered something in her ear. I don't know what it was—Laura has refused to tell me—but I saw her face turn to such a deadly whiteness that I thought she would have fainted. He took no notice of the change: he seemed to be barbarously unconscious that he had said any thing to pain her. All my old feelings of hostility toward him revived on the instant; and all the hours that have passed since have done nothing to dissipate them. I am more unreasonable and more unjust than ever. In three words—how glibly my pen writes them!—in three words, I hate him.

21st.—Have the anxieties of this anxious time shaken me a little at last? I have been writing, for the last few days, in a tone of levity which, Heaven knows, is far enough from my heart, and which it has rather shocked me to discover on looking back at the entries in my journal.

Perhaps I may have caught the feverish excitement of Laura's spirits for the last week. If so, the fit has already passed away from me, and has left me in a very strange state of mind. A persistent idea has been forcing itself on my attention, ever since last night, that something will yet happen to prevent the marriage. What has produced this singular fancy? Is it the indirect result of my apprehensions for Laura's future? Or has it been unconsciously suggested to me by the increasing restlessness and agitation which I have certainly observed in Sir Percival's manner as the wedding day draws nearer and nearer? Impossible to say. I know that I have the idea—surely the wildest idea, under the circumstances, that ever entered a woman's head—but, try as I may, I can not trace it back to its source.

22d.—Such a day of confusion and wretchedness as I hope never to see again.

Kind Mrs. Vesey, whom we have all too much overlooked and forgotten of late, innocently caused us a sad morning to begin with. She has been, for months past, secretly making a warm Shetland shawl for her dear pupil—a most beautiful and surprising piece of work to be done by a woman at her age and with her habits. The gift was presented this morning; and poor warm-hearted Laura completely broke down when the shawl was put proudly on her shoulders by the loving old friend and guardian of her motherless childhood. I was hardly allowed time to quiet them both, or even to dry my own eyes, when I was sent for by Mr. Fairlie, to be favored by a long recital of his arrangements for the preservation of his own tranquillity on the wedding-day.

"Dear Laura" was to receive his present—a shabby ring, with her affectionate uncle's hair for an ornament, instead of a precious stone, and with a heartless French inscription, inside, about congenial sentiments and eternal friendship—"dear Laura" was to receive this tender tribute from my hands immediately, so that she might have plenty of time to recover from the agitation produced by the gift, before she appeared in Mr. Fairlie's presence. "Dear Laura" was to pay him a little visit that evening, and to be kind enough not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to pay him another little visit in her wedding dress, the next morning, and to be kind enough, again, not to make a scene. "Dear Laura" was to look in once more, for the third time, before going away, but without harrowing his feelings by saying *when* she was going away, and without tears—"in the name of pity, in the name of every thing, dear Marian, that is most affectionate and most domestic and most delightfully and charmingly self-composed, *without tears!*" I was so exasperated by this miserable selfish trifling at such a time, that I should certainly have shocked Mr. Fairlie by some of the hardest and rudest truths he has ever heard in his life, if the arrival of Mr. Arnold from Polesdean had not called me away, at the right moment, to new duties down stairs.

The rest of the day is indescribable. I believe no one in the house really knew how it passed. The confusion of small events, all huddled together one on the other, bewildered every one. There were dresses sent home that had been forgotten; there were trunks to be packed and unpacked and packed again; there were presents from friends far and near, friends high and low. We were all needlessly hurried; all nervously expectant of the morrow. Sir Percival, especially, was too restless now to remain five minutes together in the same place. That short, sharp cough of his troubled him more than ever. He was in and out of the house all day long; and he seemed to grow so inquisitive, on a sudden, that he questioned the very strangers who came on small errands to the house. Add to all this, the one perpetual thought, in Laura's mind and mine, that we were to part the next day, and the haunting dread, unexpressed by either of us, and yet ever present to both, that this deplorable marriage might prove to be the one fatal error of her life and the one hopeless sorrow of mine. For the first time in all the years of our close and happy intercourse we almost avoided looking each other in the face; and we refrained, by common consent, from speaking together in private, through the whole evening. I can dwell on it no longer. Whatever future sorrows may be in store for me, I shall always look back on this twenty-second of December as the most comfortless and most miserable day of my life.

I am writing these lines in the solitude of my own room, long after midnight; having just come back from a stolen look at Laura in her pretty little white bed—the bed she has occupied since the days of her girlhood.

There she lay, unconscious that I was looking at her—quiet, more quiet than I had dared to hope, but not sleeping. The glimmer of the night-light showed me that her eyes were only partially closed: the traces of tears glistened between her eyelids. My little keepsake—only a brooch—lay on the table at her bedside, with her prayer-book, and the miniature portrait of her father which she takes with her wherever she goes. I waited a moment, looking at her from behind her pillow, as she lay beneath me, with one arm and hand resting white on the white coverlet, so still, so quietly breathing, that the frill on her night-dress never moved—I waited looking at her, as I have seen her thousands of times, as I shall never see her again—and then stole back to my room. My own love! with all your wealth, and all your beauty, how friendless you are! The one man who would give his heart's life to serve you, is far away, tossing, this stormy night, on the awful sea. Who else is left to you? No father, no brother—no living creature but the helpless, useless woman who writes these sad lines, and watches by you for the morning, in sorrow that she can not compose, in doubt that she can not conquer. Oh, what a trust is to be placed in that man's hands to-morrow! If ever he forgets it; if ever he injures a hair of her head—!

THE TWENTY-THIRD OF DECEMBER.—*Seven o'clock.* A wild unsettled morning. She has just risen—better and calmer, now that the time has come, than she was yesterday.

Ten o'clock. She is dressed. We have kissed each other; we have promised each other not to lose courage. I am away for a moment in my own room. In the whirl and confusion of my thoughts, I can detect that strange fancy of some hinderance happening to stop the marriage still hanging about my mind. Is it hanging about *his* mind, too? I see him from the window, moving hither and thither uneasily among the carriages at the door.—How can I write such folly! The marriage is a certainty. In less than half an hour we start for the church.

Eleven o'clock. It is all over. They are married.

Three o'clock. They are gone! I am blind with crying—I can write no more—

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LITERARY.

HARPER & BROTHERS have published a large number of valuable works within the past month.

Captain Marcy's PRAIRIE TRAVELER is a small book, but one of great importance and value. It is the *vade-mecum* of the California overland emigrant, and as well of every one who proposes to go west of the line of civilization. It is also a book of curious interest to the stayer-at-home, informing him of all the hardships and adventures to which the prairie traveler is subjected, and the ingenious ways and means of meeting or overcoming them. We need not say that it is unique, and its contents can not be found in any other book.

THE DIARY OF A SAMARITAN, also from the press of Harper & Brothers, is a book such as we rarely meet with. It is the record of experience of a member of the Howard Association of New Orleans, and takes us to the bedsides of the sick and dying, unvailing scenes of thrilling interest that surpass all powers of romance to excel. Here life in its moments of confession—those frank, outspeaking moments that precede death or accompany the expectation of dissolution—stands before us. It is a book to read that men may know what stuff they are made of.

We have a beautiful edition of Goethe's CORRESPONDENCE WITH A CHILD, from Ticknor & Fields; and the same house send us a finely-illustrated edition of TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS. This last book is a capital present to a boy. The illustrations, though mere outlines, are most admirable; and the book every one knows to be capital.

John Neal's novel, TRUE WOMANHOOD, published by Ticknor & Co., is worth every one's reading. Our brief space forbids a long notice. The scene is in New York, during the period of greatest interest in the late revival and prayer-meetings. The plot hangs on a certain lot of forged Bank of England notes, which had come into the hands of a holder who was innocent, but who is arrested and tried for the crime. Some points of law and of fact might be improved in the story; but, as a whole, the novel is not only curious and readable, but is of excellent tendency.

We mention also, from Ticknor & Co., a new volume of KINGSLEY'S MISCELLANIES.

Derby & Jackson publish that fine old novel of Burke's, THE FOOL OF QUALITY, with a preface by Kingsley. Here is an old-fashioned novel that once did good service in teaching rich men to live for their fellow-men, and may do as much again.

Rudd & Carleton publish a little book, being neither more nor less than Mother Goose's melodies, interpreted with a commentary in very good melodies of later date for grown folks. The wise sayings of the old lady form texts for brief and very excellent as well as very beautiful discourses by the author of this CHRISTMAS READING OF MOTHER GOOSE.

LIFE'S MORNING is a very elegant and a very popular book by the author of "Life's Evening." (Boston: Tilton & Co.)

We should be glad of more space to notice a splendid little book from Mayhew and Baker, of Boston, being THE KING OF THE GOLDEN RIVER, by John Ruskin, M.A. It is a graceful little story for the young, and is illustrated in a style of art that ought to make the volume, small as it is, an inexhaustible study for artists, young and old.

AVOLIO is a rarely delicious volume of poems by Paul H. Hayne. We find in them the true ring, the poet's warm heart and free hand. The volume is one of the best contributions to American or English poetry.

Crosby, Nichols, & Co. send us FRANK WILDMAN's adventures, being one of Gerstaecker's quaint and adventurous tales, illustrated finely.

Of fine books for children, about these holiday times, we have abundance: WHITE NOSE WOOD CHUCK and PICTURES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SWISS, two exquisitely gotten up books from Brown, Taggard, & Chase; THE OAKLAND STORIES, from Sheldon & Co.; ERNEST BRACEBRIDGE, from Ticknor & Co.; GUY CARLTON, from Howe & Ferry; and others that we have before referred to.

THE QUEEN OF HEARTS, by Wilkie Collins, is a story including several stories, all well told, and the main story very touching and refreshing. Three old men combine to keep a young girl waiting ten days, while they amuse her with stories of their own lives; and at last the son of one of them and the nephew of the others arrives at home to win the Queen of Hearts and keep her with them forever. This is the frame of the work, and the filling in is very rich.

We can not pass the last volume of ALISON'S HISTORY without reminding our readers that Harper & Brothers have now published the two series complete, each in four volumes, the last volume bringing us down to the accession of Louis Napoleon. These books should be in the hands of every reading man, woman, or boy.

A book from Richardson, the proprietor of the *Historical Magazine*, and prepared by John Jay Smith, of Philadelphia, is a museum of national antiquities. It is a quarto volume, filled with facsimiles of autographs, original letters of the fathers of the Republic, old Revolutionary posters, quaint relics of the past of all sorts, bringing more forcibly home to us the days of our great ancestors than many a more dignified historic page. There is a very pretty journal of a patriotic young Quaker lady of Philadelphia, exiled from the city in 1776—a beautiful native flower plucked from the harsh field of war and political strife. There are several André papers and drawings of particular interest, and a few rich gleanings from the Washington curiosity shop. The title of Mr. Richardson's publication is, AMERICAN HISTORICAL AND LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS, delivered at the opening of the Southern University, Greensborough, Alabama. By the Rev. W. M. Wightman, D.D., LL.D., President of the University. Published by request of the Trustees.

In this able inaugural address Dr. Wightman lays out clearly the course of study and manner of instruction by which it is intended to make the "Southern University" truly what its name implies—an establishment for the proper and thorough teaching of the most important branches of knowledge.

The New York *Spirit of the Times*, of which Colonel T. B. Thorpe is one of the editors, enters upon its *thirtieth volume* on the 11th of February. This is now one of the oldest weekly papers published in New York city.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 23d, in the Senate, after the adoption of a resolution, offered by Senator Hale (N. H.), calling for the names and salaries of the persons employed in the Treasury Department whose appointments have not been confirmed by the Senate, Senator Douglas's (Ill.) resolution, directing a bill to be framed to protect States of the Union from external invasion, was taken up, and Senator Douglas proceeded to sustain the resolution. He charged the Republican party with the responsibility of the John Brown invasion. Senator Fessenden (Me.) replied in defense of that party, and Senator Douglas retorted, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, speeches on the ruling topic and on the organization of the House were made by Messrs. Barksdale (Miss.) and Corwin (Ohio).

On Tuesday, 24th, in the Senate, Senator Sumner (Mass.) introduced a bill to secure wages to seamen in case of wreck. Senator Brown (Miss.), a bill to provide for the public printing. Senator Rice (Minnesota) moved that a bill be framed for the organization of the Territory of Dacotah, which was laid over. Senator King's (N. Y.) resolution relative to paying for the public printing was adopted. Senator Iverson (Ga.) offered a joint resolution relative to the pay of retired and decrepit officers of the Navy, which was adopted. The President sent in the information called for relative to the Perugia affair. Senator Douglas's (Ill.) resolution was then taken up, and Senators Toombs (Ga.), Foster (Conn.), Mallory (Fa.), and Benjamin (La.) spoke on it, when the resolution was postponed; an Executive session was had, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, a personal matter was brought up and discussed, relative to the Douglas Democracy of Illinois, by Messrs. M'Clernand (Ill.), Farnsworth (Ill.), and Logan (Ill.), when Mr. Corwin (Ohio) resumed his remarks commenced yesterday, and speaking four hours, the House adjourned without a vote for Speaker.

On Wednesday, 25th, in the Senate, Senator Lane (Oregon) presented the proceedings of the Union meeting held in New York City, with a few remarks. Senator Hale (N. H.) opposed their reception. Mr. Lane finally withdrew the paper. Some other business was done, when Mr. Brown's resolution, that the Territories are the common property of all the States, was taken up, and Senator Wilson (Mass.) addressed the Senate at length. He was followed by Mr. Davis (Miss.), when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, personal explanations were made by Messrs. Woodson (Mo.), Hutton (Tenn.), Cox (Ohio), Logan (Ill.), Ashmore (S. C.), etc. Messrs. Keitt, Boteler, and Colfax then spoke on the Slavery question. Mr. Etheridge urged the House to stop speaking and to vote for a Speaker. A vote being taken, Mr. Sherman lacked three of an election.

On Thursday, 26th, some minor bills and resolutions were introduced by Senators Rice, Benjamin, and Bright. Senator Hunter desired Senator Douglas's resolution to be made the special order for Tuesday afternoon next. Senator Davis (Miss.) objected, and at some length sustained his objection. Senator Wilson (Mass.) took the floor in reply to Senator Davis's speech yesterday. A colloquy ensued between Messrs. Hammond, Fitch, Davis, and Wilson, when the Senate adjourned.——In the House, after a protest from Mr. Hickman against balloting instead of debate, three ballots were taken. On the first ballot there were 226 voting, thus rendering 114 necessary to a choice. Of these Mr. Sherman had 109, Mr. Bocock 58, Mr. Smith (N. C.) 37, Mr. Davis (Ind.) 5, Mr. M'Clernand 3; the rest were scattering. The last ballot resulted as follows: Mr. Sherman 109, Mr. Bocock 51, Mr. Smith (N. C.) 33, Mr. Gilmer 4, Mr. Davis (Ind.) 7, Mr. Florence 4; the rest scattering. The House then adjourned.

On Friday, 27th, the Senate not being in session, at the usual hour, according to previous understanding, the House commenced to ballot. Mr. William N. H. Smith, of North Carolina, an old line Clay Whig, who has heretofore acted with the Southern Opposition, but who has never belonged to the American Know Nothing order, was formally put in nomination, and received the votes of six Pennsylvania and New Jersey members who have heretofore voted with the Republicans, the entire Democratic vote, except three, and the votes of his own party. It was apparent that he was elected; but just as the discovery was made, five of the six Republicans who had voted for Mr. Smith changed their minds, and scattered their votes, thus leaving Mr. Smith three votes short of the necessary number. There were 228 votes cast. Mr. Smith received 112; Mr. Sherman, 106; Mr. Corwin, 4; and the balance scattering. The House then adjourned to Monday.

THE MEXICAN TREATY.

The *Herald* correspondent telegraphs:

"It is evident, from the preparations now making, that there will be a severe onslaught made upon the Mexican treaty as soon as it is printed. Many of the Senators think they see a nigger in it.

"The Department of State has received additional intelligence from Mexico, giving accounts of recent outrages perpetrated upon American citizens residing and doing business in that country. They are of the most insulting character, and the parties complaining call upon the Government of the United States to prevent these flagrant violations. The hands of Government are tied, and unless Congress gives the President the power asked for nothing can be done for them."

PUBLIC SENTIMENT ON THE TOLLING AND PRO RATA LAWS.

On 25th, in the State Assembly at Albany, Mr. Conkling presented an important remonstrance from all the principal owners of steamships and sailing vessels in the harbor of New York, and others, against the passage of a pro rata freight law, or a law tolling railroads, as calculated and certain to ruin the commerce of the city and State of New York, by driving the shipping trade away from New York by way of Montreal and Philadelphia. The remonstrance is signed by the members of the Chamber of Commerce in a body, and by almost every large shipping and commercial firm in the city. The remonstrance and a portion of the signatures were read by Mr. Conkling.

THE KANSAS AND NEBRASKA LEGISLATURES.

The Territorial Legislature reassembled at Lecompton on Friday last, in conformity with the special proclamation of Governor Medary, and immediately passed a joint resolution adjourning to Lawrence. The Governor having returned this resolution with his veto, it was immediately taken up and passed over the veto, by a vote of nine to three in the Council, and twenty-nine to eight in the House.

The Legislature of Nebraska adjourned on Friday night, the 13th, at 12 o'clock. There was not sufficient strength in either House to pass the Slavery Bill over Governor Black's veto, and it was not again brought up for consideration.

LEGISLATIVE COURTESIES.

The members of the Kentucky and Tennessee Legislatures reached Columbus at three o'clock on January 26, and were conducted to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where the General Assembly, in Joint Convention, received and heartily welcomed them, in an address by Governor Denniston. Governor Magoffin of

Kentucky responded, returning grateful thanks, in the name of the people of his State, for their most cordial welcome. He expected a warm welcome from the people of Ohio, but was entirely unprepared for the greeting which had been given them. He would tell it to the people of Kentucky, and tell them, too, that all we have to do to keep the Government together is to see each other oftener, and know each other better. Governor Magoffin then introduced Colonel Newcomb of the Tennessee Legislature, who responded on behalf of his State. He said that while Congress can not organize, Ohio, Tennessee, and Kentucky can meet and greet each other as brethren. He eulogized the Union and the Constitution. His speech was received with great applause. After the adjournment of the Convention a meeting was extemporized, at which numerous speeches were made, the best of feeling and great enthusiasm prevailing.

DINNERS AT WASHINGTON.

The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* has a poor opinion of the dinners given by the great people of Washington. Hear him

"A stranger, who comes here properly recommended, dines one day with a Foreign Minister, the next with a Southern Senator, the third with a Northern Representative, and the fourth with a metropolitan resident. The dining-rooms are of different sizes, and furnished in different styles; different gentlemen and ladies occupy the positions of host and hostess; and very likely there are different circles of guests. But the same servants are in attendance, the same epergnes and table furniture are seen at each house, and there is a stereotype bill of fare.

"The food would have made either Careme, Vatch, or Soyer go mad, had it been attributed to their *cuisine*. A half-chilled vegetable soup; salmon, brought in tin cans from New Brunswick; and half a dozen *entrées*, rejoicing in Apican names, but very questionable in appearance, and so flavored as to defy detection. A pastry-cook's dessert follows, with a few *bonbons* that are greedily pocketed; and for beverages, there are badly-iced Champagne, a manufactured Bordeaux, and execrable brown sherry. Every thing is dull, prosy, stupid, and indigestible.

"How different was it in the olden time! Then, a gentleman who came here as a member of Congress, or of the Cabinet, would bring his servants and his silver, while Madame would come provided with table-linen, pickles, and preserves. The magnates of the land would be seen early in the morning at the market, and at their tables they would have the good cheer always to be found there. The ducks, oysters, and fish from the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay, with the fine beef and mutton from the valley of Virginia, and a home-cured ham, were so prepared as to make banquets unequaled at the *Trois Freres* in its palmiest days. And as for the wines, the simple announcement that the Madeiras and the clarets came from Charleston, the sherries from Philadelphia, and the Champagnes from New York, was a guarantee of their goodness.

"The best repasts given here now—*miserabile dictu*—are served up, near the 'witching time o' night,' by those spoilsmen, the subjects of King Faro. Well-supplied tables, choice wines, and agreeable company, lure many a pigeon to be plucked, and well plucked at that. When the XXXIVth Congress was organized, after the protracted contest for the Speakership, which resulted in the election of Banks, the proprietor of a noted gambling-house held orders for the pay of seven members during that entire session. It is whispered that some of the members of the present House have been equally unfortunate."

DEATH OF A MISER.

Michael Baird, who lived near Little York, Pennsylvania, was a miser. His father left a valuable farm of five hundred acres in the vicinity of York, with some farming and household articles. Michael kept a tavern a number of years—married, and raised four children. He accumulated an immense estate, which he reserved so tenaciously that he never afforded a dollar for the education of his children. He never was known to lay out one dollar in cash for any article he might be in need of; he would either do without it, or find some person who would barter for something which he could not conveniently sell for money. He farmed largely and kept a large distillery, which he supplied entirely with his own grain. He kept a team for the conveyance of his whisky to Baltimore, which, when he could not sell for money to suit him, he bartered for necessaries for his family and tavern. In this way he amassed an estate worth $400,000. Such was his attachment to money that he was never known to credit a single dollar to any man. Upon the best mortgage as security that could be given he would not lend a cent. He never vested a dollar in public funds, neither would he keep the notes of any bank longer than he could get them changed. He deposited his specie in a large iron chest until it would hold no more. He then provided a strong iron-hooped barrel, which he also filled. After his death his strong boxes yielded $250,000 in gold and silver. The cause of his death was as remarkable as the course of his life. A gentleman from Virginia offered him $12 a bushel for 110 bushels of cloverseed, but he would not do it for less than $13, and they did not agree. The seed was afterward sent to Philadelphia, where it was sold for $7 per bushel, and brought in the whole $550 less than the Virginian had offered for it. On receiving an account of his sale he walked through his farm, went to his distillery, and gave directions to his people; he then went to his wagon-house and hung himself.

PERSONAL.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* gives the following account of the difficulty between Mr. Buchanan and the Postmaster-General:

"The affair between the President and Postmaster-General Holt has been ended through the interposition of Secretary Floyd and Attorney-General Black. Mr. Buchanan has yielded, and Cook will now go out of the Chicago office. Holt was very firm and manly. He told the President that he never desired the place of Postmaster-General; that he took it only at his earnest entreaty; that since he had been in it he had tried conscientiously to do his duty; that if the President wanted a violator of law and decency retained in office, and shielded from exposure, he could not be an accomplice in the transaction, on which Mr. Buchanan waxed highly wroth, but finally yielded to reason, and consented that Cook should go out. The *émeute* has caused quite a stir in West-end circles."

It is announced that Governor Wise has been engaged to defend Walter R. Land, who murdered Flannegan, in Princess Anne County, Virginia, some time last summer. The trial is expected to take place at the February term of the court in that county.

The Philadelphia *Press* says: "Rosa Bonheur is about to visit the United States professionally. An opulent French gentleman, an enthusiast in art, some time since commissioned her ladyship to cross the Atlantic, proceed to the great prairies of the far West, and paint, from life, a herd of wild buffaloes. She was to take her own time, accomplish it in her own way, and fix her own price. At first she declined to entertain the proposition, but finally, after turning it over in her mind, and reflecting what an original and splendid work she could make, she has accepted the offer, and comes over in the spring to make the picture."

Roger A. Pryor of Virginia is thus minutely described by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Times*:

"Pryor stands about six feet high, sparely and actively built, with a large head of the Emersonian type, in which the forehead shows externally the two lobes into which the brain is divided. He wears a mass of long brown hair, very soft and silky, combed back behind his ears and reaching to his coat-collar. Just above the eyes, which are dark-blue, large, and rather prominent, he has two bulging compartments, wherein the perceptive faculties may be supposed to be coiled for belligerent and analytical purposes. His nose is a thin, decisive Grecian, with contracting and dilating nostrils; his mouth is well arched and sinewy, furnished with two fine, firm rows of teeth—the upper row not lying quite close together, and a little inclined to protrude. His chin is square, but retreating, with a pleasant dimple in its heart; and his complexion is as fair, clear, beardless, delicate, and sensitive as that of any literary young lady of studious habits and a romantic turn of mind. Add to the foregoing a scrupulous neatness and nicety of person, incased in a full dress suit of black, and with an abundance of spotless linen around the throat, breast, and wrists—and you will have the external man of this editor-Congressman, as nearly as your correspondent can give it. As a speaker, Mr. Pryor has a tenor voice, a little wiry, and not yet quite trained to the size of the Congressional chamber; but his management of language is admirable, and his gestures, though very moderate and restrained, possess a most suggestive force. His utterance of invective is cool, slow, and bitter—giving every arrow time to rankle before the next shaft is lodged beside it. He talks like one who has experienced the difficulty of reporting hurried speech, and with that precision of statement and illustration only to be derived from the habit of thinking pen in hand, and seeing hot words in cold type next morning. Regarded as one of the most rising young men in Congress, he has troops of friends in all sections of the House, and is esteemed for the possession of many generous and amiable qualities. Involved as a principal in many duels, and as a second in duels without number, he may be styled a permanent Professor of the College of Honor, and is called in to consult on hopeless cases of wounded pride, just as Dr. Carnochan of your city might be sent for to perform a hazardous amputation."

In announcing the preparations for Lord Macaulay's burial in Westminster Abbey, the London *Globe* says: "The sexton of the Dean and Chapter is busy opening a grave for our great historian—not with kings and knights of the Garter—not even with Stephenson or Telford—but in Poets' Corner, or the south transept of the Abbey. He will lie at the foot of Addison's statue, and close to the grave of Isaac Barrow, one of the great Trinity of Cambridge men, Macaulay's own College. The historian will not lie far off Camden—almost the father of English history—not far from what remains of May, the historian of the Long Parliament, and near to the remains of Johnson, Garrick, Sheridan, and Gifford, the Tory editor of the *Quarterly Review*. He will lie facing the statue of the poet of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' at whose funeral the noble historian helped (with wise selection) to bear the pall."

The newspapers of Burleson County, Texas, have a story of a young girl, 22 years old, who, having last fall been bitten on the foot by a snake, is now developing reptilian characteristics of a rather extraordinary nature. "She first becomes nervous, then jerky," says the most minute account, "and then her eyeballs begin to protrude, and in a few hours they look like bursting out, and she begs those around her to push them back." These are the least of her singularities. She is given also to much squirming, seeks perpetually to coil herself, and bitterly laments her destitution in the matter of rattles. Physicians are said to be in vain, and it appears, on the whole, that the case is not very hopeful.

The tall poet of Vermont was lately lecturing at Trenton, when suddenly the gas went out. The audience bore the delay so good-naturedly that Mr. Saxe complimented them on their patience, and remarking that he understood the difficulty was in the *metre*, said that, if the audience would promise not to find fault with *his* "metre," he would never mention the defect of theirs.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* states that "all social relations between Mr. Postmaster Holt and the President ceased some days since."

Grace Greenwood gave a lecture to the convicts and visitors at the Ohio Penitentiary on Sunday. About a thousand persons were in attendance, and her opening remarks about endearments of home, fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters, were exceedingly affecting, moving many to tears. She held up to the admiration and wonder of her hearers the character and qualities of heart of Lady Franklin, Florence Nightingale, Dr. Kane, and many others, and retired from that singular audience with blessings from those whose feelings were wrought upon as only they can be touched by a lady of Grace Greenwood's gifts.

The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* writes that some excitement was occasioned in "society" there by the appearance in public of the daughters of the Austrian Consul-General *sans* crinoline. A matinée was given in their honor by one of the Diplomatic Corps, and the room was crowded by persons who had forgotten how women looked who were without the great extenders.

General Cass has just presented to the city of Detroit one site for a public park and another for a fountain and watering-place, provided the Common Council will devote the land which he gives exclusively to the purposes designated.

The Petersburg (Virginia) *Intelligencer* says that Governor Letcher will use all his personal and official influence to advance the prospects of Hunter, in opposition to Wise's, in the approaching Charleston Convention.

Rhineman, the paramour of Mrs. Hartung, and indicted with her for the murder of her husband, at Albany, has been acquitted of the charge of being principal in the crime. He was remanded to jail, to be tried on two other charges.

A Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) letter says: "A personal rencontre, or rather a kind of collision, took place to-day upon the street of this town, between Frederick Trace, the Democratic sealer of weights and measures for Dauphin County, and General Simon Cameron. The latter has been at home for some days. When the two met, Trace said that the General had come to assist in electing Clark—the people's candidate at the special election on last Saturday to fill a legislative vacancy in this county—and intimated, as the Cameron version of the story goes, that Cameron had spent a good deal of money to effect the result. Cameron replied that the statement and insinuation were both false, and intimated that 'he had often bought Trace,' and at a very low price. Trace gave him the lie, and Cameron struck at him with his cane. General Williams, of this place, caught the cane, and the affair proceeded no further. The affair has occasioned a great deal of talk in town and among the members of the Legislature."

Mr. G. W. Brown, editor of the Kansas *Herald of Freedom*, has, it appears, got himself into trouble, according to a Lawrence correspondent of the Leavenworth *Times*. He says: "We have a little scandal in our goodly city. Mrs. G. W. Brown has applied for a divorce, charging her liege lord with adultery and inhuman treatment."

We read in the Falmouth (Jamaica) *Post* the following respecting a traveler who has already been noticed in the *Weekly*: "We have had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. William G. Sewell, a gentleman of New York. Mr. Sewell has been in most of the West India Colonies, and the object of his visit to Jamaica is to acquire a thorough knowledge of its social and political condition. It is his intention to travel through every parish; and as he will soon be in Falmouth, we have no doubt that he will be afforded frequent opportunities of inspecting our public and parochial institutions, and of judging from personal observation of the commercial and agricultural condition of Trelawny."

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE REMOND CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following is the correspondence which took place between Mr. Dallas, the American Minister, and Miss Sarah P. Remond:

"No. 6 GRENVILLE STREET, BRUNSWICK SQUARE, W.C.,
"*December* 12, 1859.

"SIR,—I beg to inform you that, a short time since, I went to the office of the American Embassy to have my passport *viséd* for France.

"I should remark that my passport is an American one, granted to me in the United States, and signed by the Minister in due form. It states—what is the fact—that I am a citizen of the United States. I was born in Massachusetts.

"Upon my asking to have my passport *viséd* at the American Embassy, the person in the office refused to affix the *visa* on the ground that I am a person of color.

"Being a citizen of the United States, I respectfully demand as my right that my passport be *viséd* by the Minister of my country.

"As I am desirous of starting for the Continent, I must request an answer at your earliest convenience.

"I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,
"SARAH P. REMOND."

"The Hon. —— Dallas, American Minister, No. 24 Portland Place."

"LEGATION OF THE UNITED STATES,
"LONDON, *Dec.* 14, 1859.

"MISS SARAH P. REMOND,—I am directed by the Minister to acknowledge the receipt of your note of the 12th inst., and to say, in reply, he must, of course, be sorry if any of his countrywomen, irrespective of color or extraction, should think him frivolously disposed to withhold from them facilities in his power to grant for traveling on the continent of Europe; but when the indispensable qualification for an American passport, that of 'United States citizenship,' does not exist—when, indeed, it is manifestly an impossibility by law that it should exist—a just sense of his official obligations, under instructions received from his Government as long ago as the 8th of July, 1856, and since then strictly conformed to, constrains him to say that the demand of Miss Sarah P. Remond can not be complied with.

"Respectfully, your obedient servant,
"BENJM. MORAN,
"*Assistant Secretary of Legation.*"

ANOTHER DEATH FROM WANT OF VENTILATION.

A country paper says: "On the morning of the 29th, in a house situated at High Blantyre, occupied by John Robertson, gaffer on the Hamilton and Strathaven Railway, a most painful scene occurred. Robertson's wife awakened about five o'clock in the morning, in a very exhausted state, and found her infant child, aged nine months, lying dead in her arms. She immediately aroused her husband, who also felt in a weakly condition, but had strength enough to get out of bed. They then discovered that their next eldest child—a boy named Allan, aged about three years—was also dead, and the third, a girl nine years old, seemingly approaching dissolution. The father removed the little girl into an adjoining apartment, and she fortunately, in the course of a short time recovered. The wife was likewise conveyed thither, and is progressing favorably. The deaths of the two youngest children were occasioned by suffocation—the family all slept in one bed—five human beings huddled together—in a small, dingy, smoky dwelling, consisting of one apartment, without sufficient ventilation!"

FRANCE.

RETIREMENT OF COUNT WALEWSKI.

The Paris *Moniteur* thus formally announces the retirement of Count Walewski:

"Napoleon, by the grace of God and the national will, Emperor of the French, to all present and future, greeting, have decreed and do decree as follows:

"*Art.* 1. M. de Thouvenel, Embassador at Constantinople, is appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs in the stead of M. le Comte Walewski, whose resignation is accepted.

"*Art.* 2. M. Baroche, President of the Council of State, will act *ad interim* as Minister for Foreign Affairs until the arrival of M. de Thouvenel.

"*Art.* 3. Our Minister of State is charged with the execution of the present decree.

"Done at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 4th of January, 1860. NAPOLEON.

"Countersigned, ARCHIBALD FOULD,
"*Minister of State.*"

AN IMPERIAL PRESENT.

The *Herald* correspondent write: "As an indication of the change in the direction of affairs, the following anecdote, which is now current, is interesting:

"A few days ago the Emperor, while conversing with the English embassadress, Lady Cowley, took occasion to observe that she did not wear on her nuptial finger the engagement ring customary in France, and he drew her attention to the hand of the Empress, on which one was fixed. On Lady Cowley avowing that such was not the English custom, the Emperor replied that Lord Cowley, who had lived in his youth so much in France, ought to have introduced the custom into England. You must permit me, he added, to supply his omission; and then taking from his vest a small morocco case, and opening it, he displayed a superb ring of three hoops of most exquisite diamonds, which he immediately placed on her ladyship's finger. The first is, he said, to supply Lord Cowley's omission; the second is a token of my personal regard, and the third is a pledge of the eternal amity of England and France. The ring is said to be worth £1500. So the English embassador has this time some substantial grounds for the new *entente cordiale*."

MRS. GURNEY IN PARIS.

A Paris letter-writer says that Mrs. Gurney is not deterred by her position from appearing in public. She walks daily on the Boulevards, seemingly watching with the greatest interest the erection of the little line of shops for the sale of New-Year's trifles, which are rising on either side, and wears a certain wide-awake hat, adorned with a long feather, which gives her an extremely juvenile appearance. She is of small figure, with a round face and ruddy complexion, small sparkling black eyes, and quantities of dark hair encircling her face and gathered on the neck behind. Her companion, though of somewhat foxy tint, has, as well, a quiet and subdued expression, which gives him the look of a pensive shepherd who has tended his flock till he has grown into the likeness of one of his own sheep. This may originate in the awkwardness of his present position, for it is quite conseling to see how his outward appearance coincides with the present French fashion, which requires every male Parisian to look like an English groom, if wishing to be taken for a French nobleman.

A CLEVER ROGUE.

An ingenious rogue in Paris has been pawning at every bureau of the Monte de Piété silver ingots, all bearing the legal stamp and marked with the legal *poincon* of the Government. Although so heavy and so perfect in appearance, their number at last excited suspicion, and on being tested at the mint they were found to be composed of regulus antimonii, pewter, and lead, and to be worth 2 francs 50 centimes instead of 1000 francs, advanced upon them.

ITALY.

MOVEMENTS OF GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi has resigned his post as President of the National Society—a kind of anti-Mazzinian association—but has, instead, accepted the presidency of another body, bearing the significant name of La Nazione Armata. On this occasion he has published the following proclamation to the Italian Liberals:

"In the name of Italian union, without which liberty and independence can never gladden the heart of Italy, I summon you to the unifying banner of King Victor Emanuel. Let all among you, whose soul burns with the sacred love of Italy, forget their differences and embrace for your country's sake. With that noble intention the Liberals of the Libere Comizzie (an old political society) have transformed their association into that of the Nazione Armata, and with that same intention I have accepted its presidency. May our example be universally followed, so that union among brothers should cease to be a mere wish, and become a fact! Let right, supported by arms, be our programme; let the liberation of Italy be our only wish. Closely joined in one phalanx we shall henceforth have but one enemy before us, and shall live only in the hopes of Italian liberty.

"G. GARIBALDI.

"TURIN, *December* 31, 1859."

TWO YOUNG LADIES IN TROUBLE.

The Florence correspondent of the *Daily News* writes on the 27th of December: "A curious thing was done yesterday, in the Piazza del Duomo, by two fair countrywomen of ours, who are, perhaps, mere instruments in the hands of the crafty ducal party, for invitations to the Pitti and to the Cascine were regularly sent to these two heroines—Miss Lydia and Miss Mary S——. A large sheet of paper was soon provided, the words 'Viva Ferdinando IV! Abbasso il Governo!'—(Long live Ferdinand IV! Down with the Government!) were quickly written in big letters upon it, and the factious paper was posted up at the corner of Cocomero Street with more than Spartan courage. The two charming Royalists did not even choose the dark hour of the night for their purpose, preferring one o'clock in the afternoon. Now this is a very dangerous hour for such pranks. The Florentines are fond of walking up and down their splendid Piazza, and the two fair conspirators accordingly got themselves into a scrape. Four or five passers-by caught Miss Lydia and Mary 'in flagrante delicto;' a great row ensued, and popular indignation was excited. Had it not been for Major Ginori, who happened to be passing, the two young ladies would have found it hard to get home as safely as they had left it. To the remonstrances of the Major, who speaks our language fluently, the dear little things had nothing to answer, but that they were longing for the return of their beloved Duke, and they had resorted to that rather extra-legal method of expressing their devotion to him. The police were not likely to share this heroic enthusiasm for the runaway Duke, and the consequence was that the ladies were politely taken in a cab to the nearest police-station. The peculiar and rather dangerous situation in which they were placed did not, however, subdue the ardor of our two fair friends. Ducal and Royal supporters must, of course, show courage to the last. What made them look more like two agents of the ducal party is the circumstance that they are residing in the house of one of the intimate friends of the old Duke, and a near relation of a Marquis Medici, who has followed the Lorraine princes in their flight. In spite of all this, in spite of their foolish attempt, Baron Ricasoli thought proper to have the ladies dismissed from arrest, for he was convinced they had acted under other people's advice."

SPAIN.

ARREST OF A COLPORTEUR.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald* says that one Escalante, a British subject born at Gibraltar, who is employed as a colporteur or hawker of Bibles, has been apprehended by the Spanish police in Andalusia, at the instigation of the clergy, and is to be tried on a charge of attempting to vary the religion of the State, as no provision forbidding the sale of Bibles is to be discovered in the Spanish code.

TURKEY.

BRUTAL CONDUCT OF POLICEMEN.

A correspondent of the *Times*, writing on the 21st ult. from Constantinople, thus describes the brutal conduct of a party of cavasses, or police, which is not calculated to increase our admiration of that very ruffianly force:

"There is now residing in Pera an Ionian family long known to me as one of the most undeniable respectability. On Friday afternoon last, about four o'clock, a man who had escaped from a neighboring house, whither he and some others had been pursued by the police, suddenly appeared in the house in which this family resides. He had dropped through a sky-light in the roof. There were none but women and a deaf and dumb man-servant in the house. The intruder was armed with a pistol and a long knife. He threatened the inmates with instant death unless they gave him some place to hide in. Terrified as they were, the women told him that he had no business there, and that he had better go down and let himself out at the door. To this course, however, he had an insurmountable objection—the house was surrounded by cavasses and soldiers. Some of these soon got on the roof, and entered by the same means of which the fugitive had availed himself. The door, too, was forced open, and the house was soon filled with armed men. Meanwhile the original intruder had concealed himself under a bed in one of the upper rooms. There he was found, and shot by the police, who carried him off apparently half dead. Thus far all was well. They now, however, proceeded to commit a series of atrocities for which no excuse can be made. A respectable young man had, on hearing the disturbance, come into the house to see what was the matter in his friend's residence. He and the deaf and dumb servant were seized and roughly treated by the cavasses. As they were being dragged off to prison some of the women of the house interfered, by assuring the police that they had nothing to do with the prisoner. On this the mother was knocked down by a violent blow in her breast, and one of her daughters was struck with the butt-end of a pistol. The grossest abuse was also lavished upon them. The deaf and dumb man-servant, after lying three days in prison, has been discharged."

RUSSIA.

HOW THE PRIME MINISTER SPENDS HIS TIME.

The greatest pleasure enjoyed by Prince Gorchakoff, it is said, is to sit in his dressing-gown in a large arm-chair, before an easel on which there is a fine picture. Crossing his legs, and swinging one on the other, while he plays with his slipper and smokes his cigar, he gazes for hours together on the picture. He had a fine gallery of modern pictures, and he had a valuable album containing sketches by the best living artists. Two or three years ago, a French diplomatist asked to see the album; to his surprise, he found the best sketches were gone, and said so to the Prince. "True enough," replied the latter, "my best sketches have been stolen out of it." "Stolen? Do you suspect by whom?" "Oh, yes—one of my messengers: he took to imitating me in my love for art, and helped himself out of my album." "But didn't you arrest the scoundrel?" "Oh dear, no! the puppy showed such deucedly good taste in the selections he made, I could not think of having him arrested."

HOLLAND.

SUCCESS OF AN AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

The name of the very promising Albany cantatrice, Miss Isabella Hinkley, is familiar to our readers. Her first public appearance in Amsterdam, Holland, is thus described by a correspondent of the *Atlas and Argus*:

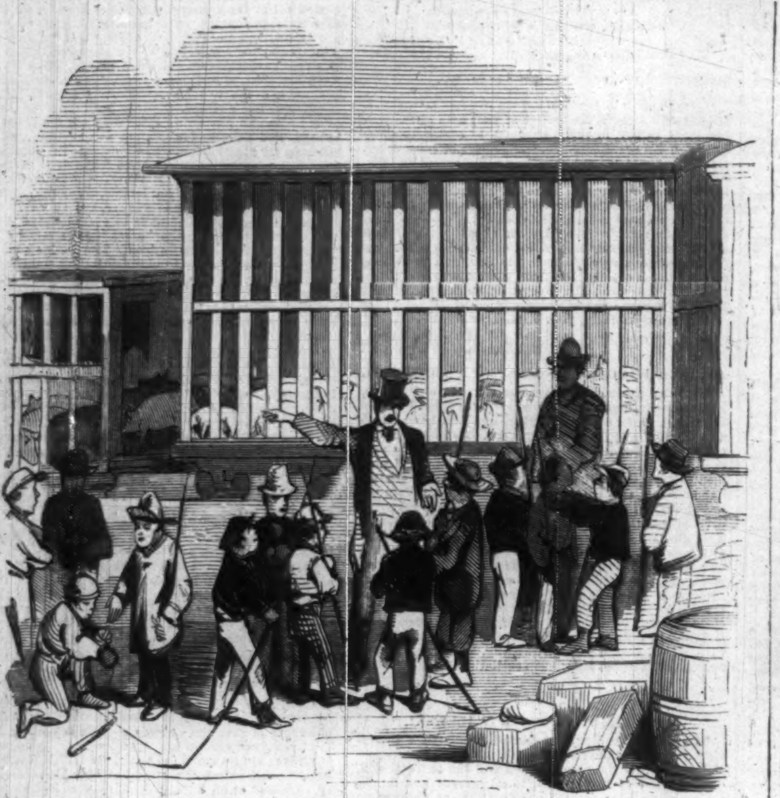
"It was Christmas Eve, the opera 'Norma,' with Rosa de Vries as Norma, Miss Hinkley as Adalgisa. The house was full. The duet, with the tenor, was applauded throughout, and was recalled amidst a storm of acclamations. In Act II. she sang that beautiful solo, bringing down loud applause; but the great success was in the celebrated duet with Norma; here the excitement was at its height—the gentlemen and ladies all over the house rose, waved their hats and handkerchiefs, and screamed with delight, and insisted upon its being repeated. The curtain dropped, and yet the audience would not leave; she was called and recalled before the curtain. The opera corps overwhelmed her with attention and compliment; the manager told her, with tears in his eyes, that no *débutante* had ever made so decided a hit. The second night she sang the rush for seats was so great that the police were called in to keep off the crowd, and before 10 o'clock in the morning every standing-place was occupied and engaged. Every seat for the next three nights was secured the same day. At once she was 'cast' as prima donna, to make her *début* as such in 'Linda Chamounix,' a sure evidence of her success. Offers for Turin and Milan are already presented to her, and next week she appears before the Court at the Hague. Her triumph is an American one, and one in which every American, and especially every Albanian, should take pride. I, for one, glory in her; she is the first American prima donna that ever made so great a 'hit,' and met such complete success at the outset of her career."

MEXICO.

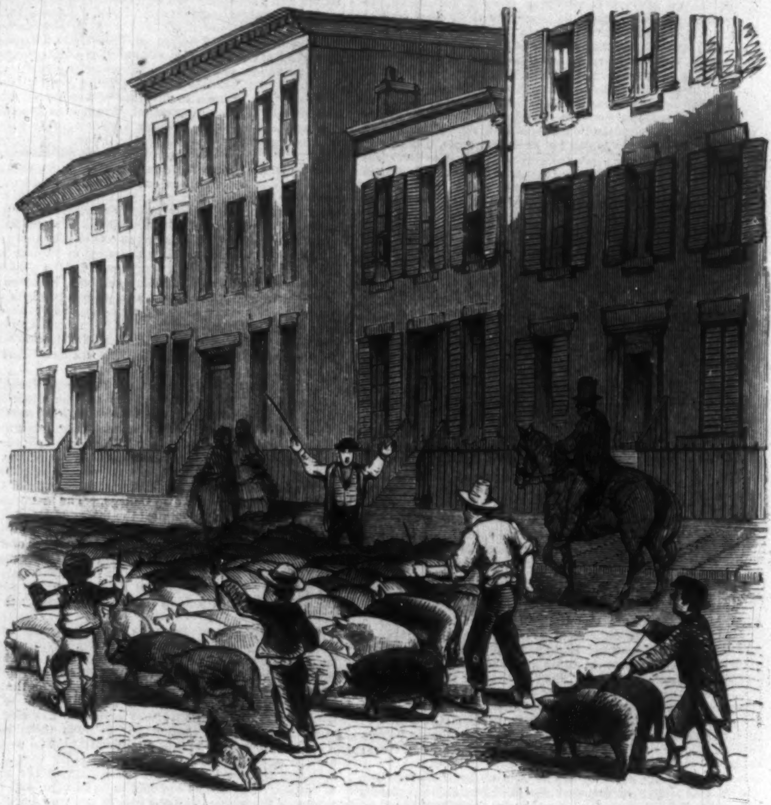
SUCCESSES OF MIRAMON.

By the arrival of the *Baltic* from Aspinwall we are put in possession of the following news, which was telegraphed from Panama:

On December 21 a battle was fought on the Barranca de Beltian, near Colima. Miramon led on the Conservatives, and brought into the action 2000 men, against 7000 Liberals under the command of Rocha Rojas and Ogazon. The action commenced at 9 A.M., and lasted until 2 P.M. The Liberals had from 600 to 700 killed and wounded, and the Conservatives 300. Miramon captured five field-pieces and 2000 prisoners, with a large amount of ammunition. On the 24th he took possession of Colima and sent a detachment to Manzanilla, seized two vessels—*General Vega* and *La Suerte*—and armed them; destination supposed to be Mazatlan.



ARRIVAL OF HOGS AT CINCINNATI.



JOURNEY TO THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

THE HOG TRADE OF CINCINNATI.

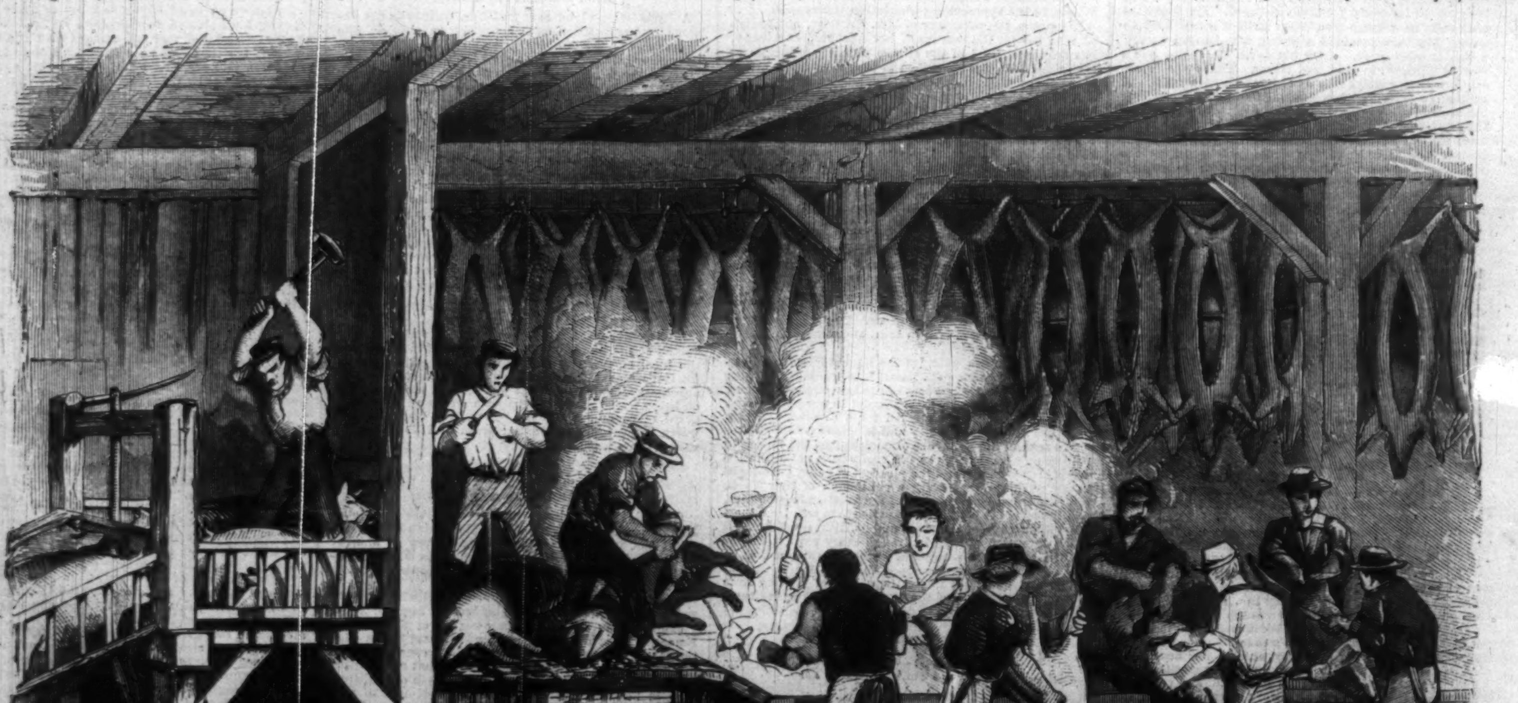
To a New Yorker visiting Cincinnati during the spring or summer months nothing will occasion greater surprise than the absence of every suggestion or indication of the staple business to which so large a portion of its capital is annually devoted. Having heard much of its extensive hog trade, and its princely pig merchants, the traveler enters the city expecting to recognize on every hand the evidence of this leading element of its prosperity, and to be perpetually reminded of what he regards as the chief occupation, and most familiar characteristic of the place and its inhabitants. His imagination glows with visions of vagabond droves of strolling pigs, and squads of greasy butchers. He fancies pork to be the principal food of the people, listens at every turn for the shrill shriek of slaughter, and is disappointed that the gutters do not every where run blood. In truth, all his expectations in this regard are subjected to marked disappointment. He finds nothing of all this. Nothing at all to remind him of a vast centralized and systematically established trade, that gives employment to millions of dollars annually, and affords regular occupation to thousands of thrifty hands. He sees only a handsome, substantially built city, overflowing with an active population, whose occupation seems to the summer visitor to have no connection with the especial staple to which their prosperity has been so long and consistently attributed.

The experience of the winter visitor is altogether another affair. To him the reputation of the city for its hog statistics is quite appreciated. He sees and hears all around him the indications of this extensive branch of its industrial enterprise, and can readily believe that to the pig and his manifold products the city is largely indebted for its extraordinary growth and the rapidly accumulated wealth of its inhabitants. He understands why it is called Porkopolis. He comprehends its relation to and dependence upon the pig. The statement of the commercial reporters, that about 450,000 hogs are annually slaughtered by the city butchers, and distributed among the nations of the earth, does not surprise him; and he is prepared to admit the economical importance and staple value of the business, as a leading and profitable branch of American industry. 450,000 hogs, of good solid weight, and in plump greasy condition, are converted into pork and lard, in all their numerous forms, in the space of about four months; it being necessary, for packing purposes, that the pork be subjected to the hardening, solidifying effects of cold weather. Hogs are killed in the city for daily market consumption all the year round; and the number demanded for this purpose is not included in the aggregate of 450,000—the number varies a few thousand with different years—given as the average amount yearly consumed in the regular packing and shipping trade. An important branch of this trade, and the one indeed for which the city is justly celebrated throughout the Gentile world, is the manufacture of hams; of which, including the shoulders, nearly two millions are made every year. And a Cincinnati ham is an article, it must be acknowledged, that merits its reputation. But, as the Jewish proverb says, all are not of Israel that are in Israel. A very poor thing may be done up in yellow canvas and branded Cincinnati. There is an eclecticism to be observed with regard to hams as with regard to every other product of human art and invention. Cincinnati hams are like Jeremiah's figs, of blessed memory; the good are very good indeed, the bad are naught; not fit for the pigs whence they came.

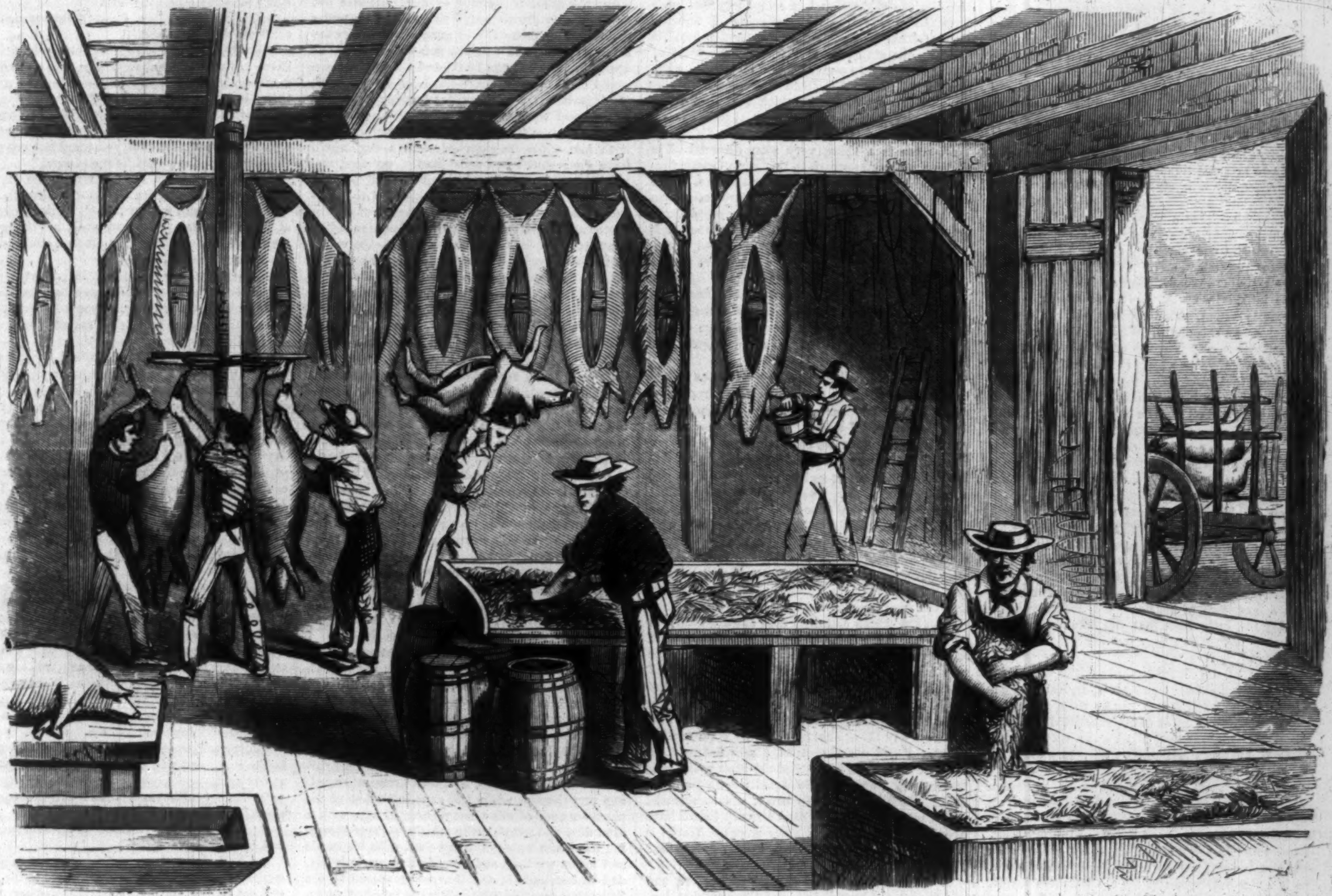
Who would the choice of hams secure,
Must take this course to make it sure;
You buy your hams of ——, and then—

How near we have come to committing a grand indiscretion! What would Bacon, Bristle, & Co. have said of us, or done to us, if we had left the name, which, on wiser second thought, we have displaced with a dash, standing in the line as we had hastily written it. As it is, each reader may fill the blank as his better experience shall justify. For ourselves, *nous autres journalistes, nous n'en avons pas absolument rien à dire.*

The hog—the term is a harsh one, but this is really what every pig makes of himself, sooner or later, in those wild backwood regions—the hog is not a native of Cincinnati. He originates in the provinces, on the farms and prairies of the great valley of the Ohio. The Queen City is the Mecca of his reluctant pilgrimage; the final goal of his pious ambition. To be born a pig and not die the death of a hog in Cincinnati were an ignominy that none but the most groveling and debased swine could endure. The litter sort will not submit to it. The stall-fed, corn-fattened hog, contemplates the purpose of his life from a higher point of view. He is actuated by a nobler motive. He realizes the aspiration and enthusiasm of the enraptured poet; he must see Cincinnati, and die. This is to him the grand consummation of his earthly existence; the complete triumph of his hopes, the sure



THE DEATH CHAMBER.

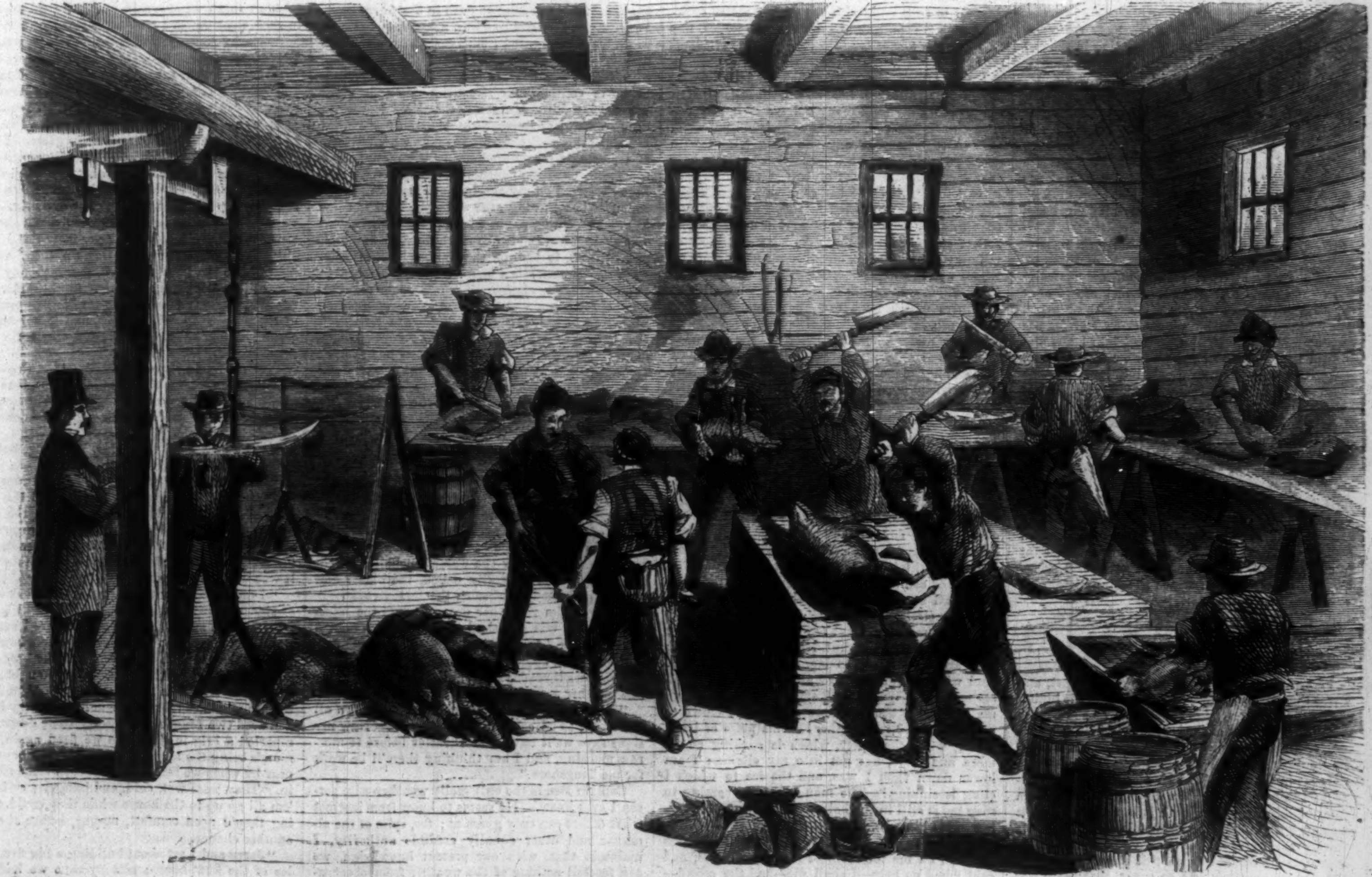


COOLING AND DRYING.

guarantee of his not having lived in vain; the very seal and promise of his immortality.

The hog is raised, as the term is in that part of the world, all over the Western States; though there are many, in several convenient localities, who make the business a specialty, and breed the animal in large quantities. In some places they run at large in the woods, feeding abundantly, and fattening rapidly, on "mast," the beech-nuts, hickory-nuts, and acorns that abound in the forests of the luxuriant West. Thousands are confined in pens and yards and fed on fodder and corn; and immense numbers crowd the pens attached to the larger distilleries, fattening and corrupting, as is too often the case, on the warm slops from the stills and mash-tubs. Having attained the required bulk and weight, by some such course of treatment, the hogs are gathered into droves of varying sizes, and are either carried or driven to the city, as may be most convenient to their owners, from all parts of the States of Kentucky, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Some go by steamboat, some by flat-boat; some travel on foot, and some are transported by railroad in crates especially constructed for the purpose. The last mode of transportation is the one now most generally adopted. The arrival at one of the principal dépôts of one of these hog-trains, as they are appropriately called, is the signal for the commencement of a scene of uproar and confusion as interesting and peculiar as one would wish to see. From the crates, the pigs, as a temporary disposition, are driven into pens, arranged, with convenient gateways, along the side of the track. They are still far from the end of their journey. The slaughter-houses, upon whose slippery floors their unoffending blood must flow, are situated in the upper part of the city, two miles from these intermediary pens into which they are now so hastily huddled.

The next move is their transit across the city to these slaughter-houses; a difficult portion of their journey, which they are forced to accomplish on their own feet. The direction and management of this transit is undertaken by drovers experienced in the business, who engage for the occasion the assistance of a suitable number of boys; scores of whom, of every age, color, and nation, are generally collected about the dépôt when a hog-train is expected, clamorous for an engagement. Whoever succeeds in securing the job by contract with the owner of the hogs is instantly beset by dozens of these boys, vociferously eager to be employed in



CUTTING AND PACKING.

the enterprise. The shouting and screaming of the boys, gabbling in several languages at once, the quarreling and tussling of the unruly among them, the angry and peremptory exclamations of the men, combined with the squealing of the hungry pigs, produces an exciting scene of tumult and contention which is only quieted by the final departure of the pigs to that bourne where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary shall be finally at rest.

These droves vary in size, numbering generally from two or three hundred to a thousand. They are driven, by dint of considerable urging and whipping, and a great deal of shouting and hooting, through the main thoroughfares of the town; and their compulsory and devious passage through the otherwise well-thronged streets affords, from its picturesque effect, more interest and amusement to the stranger than satisfaction and good-nature to the inhabitants. A drove once started on its journey is bound, at all hazards and against all obstacles, to go through. What obstruction or inconvenience it may prove to vehicles in the street, or the crowd of passers upon the sidewalk, is a consideration that troubles in no degree the heads of the contractor and his yelling and slashing gang of vagabonds. You may be splashed and run into, delayed and otherwise offended, upset, it may be. You may quietly endure, dispassionately remonstrate, or desperately and resolutely resist, *à votre gré*. To that sturdy and determined man, then, with his boot-tops over his pantaloons, a coon-skin cap on his head, red flannel sleeves on his long arms, and a cracking whip in his hand, it is all one. He will heed you not at all. The main business of his life at this moment, mark you, is to "land those pigs on the other side of Jordan;" and, as that little begrimed, yelping ragamuffin there, with a hoop-pole in his hand, will assure you, on the slightest intimation that you take any interest in the subject, "You may bet yer life, old cock, he'll do it."

Arrived at the slaughter-houses, the way-worn pigs, with waled backs and bleeding feet, are deposited in pens and fed to restore their condition. These pens are, in most cases, connected with the killing-sheds by inclined plank ways, up which the pigs are driven as fast as they may be wanted by the butchers. They are admitted, through a sort of trap-gate, upon an inclosed platform, in charge of a stout fellow who stands within, armed with an immense sledge-hammer. When the platform is sufficiently full to prevent the pigs running about, he commences the work of death by giving each one a stunning blow upon the head; which done, he is immediately seized by the butchers inside, and stabbed, bled, scalded, scraped, and cleaned out before he has a very distinct or satisfactory impression of what has happened to him. He is converted into pork in about three minutes from the time his tail glides unsuspectingly beneath the insidious trap that slips down at last between him and the trials and comforts of the outer world forever.

As may be seen by our illustration, the next process is to carry the newly-slaughtered pig into another apartment, spacious and well-ventilated, where he is trimmed, and hung up by his hind legs to cool and dry. After hanging sufficiently long to become cold and stiff, the pigs are taken down and hauled off in huge wagons, drawn by four stout horses, to the packing-houses, situated in another part of the city. These establishments are on a vast scale, and give employment, through about four months of the year, to thousands of hands. Any one of them presents, in the busy season, a scene of activity curious and interesting in the extreme. The work is divided into several branches, each demanding its separate squad of workmen. Here are seen large blocks and tables, upon which the hogs are cut up into hams, shoulders, sides, and what not, to suit the various demands and purposes of the market. Here, also, the packing pieces are salted and barreled, and the hams are trimmed and prepared for smoking; and in an adjoining apartment are the lard vats, connected by an apparently intricate arrangement of pipes and tubing with the steam-boilers placed in the basement—the steam process being the one usually adopted for trying out the lard. It is worth remarking that no part of the animal, economically considered, is lost or wasted. Every scrap, even the apparently most worthless, is saved and turned to account, either as an article of food or for use in the arts. Its flesh is converted into hams and pickled pork; its lean scraps into sausage meat, and its fat scraps and scrapings into lard, stearine candles, and lard oil; its head is made into jowls and head-cheese; its tongue is smoked and pickled; its feet are soused; its blood and offal are turned into Prussian blue; of its bristles brushes are made; its hair is twisted for mattresses and cordage; and its bones are burned for the sugar-refiners and blacking-makers. And thus the entire animal is, in one way or another, consumed and converted, to the continued advantage and profit of innumerable economical and flourishing trades; each one of which requires no inconsiderable amount of capital, skill, and labor for its successful prosecution, and each one of which gives unmistakable evidence of thrift and activity.

MAN IN!

It was fourteen or fifteen years ago at least, and I was then an eager skater: a student of the higher walks (or rather strokes) of the art of skating: a diligent cultivator of that mystery which is at the root of all advancement in this exercise, the mystic "outside edge."

I was in London. The Round Pond was crowded to inconvenience. The Round Pond is just in front of Kensington Palace; it is rumored that it was once a gravel pit, and that in consequence its waters are in some parts of very great depth. The number of skaters on this piece of water on the day in question was so great, that there was scarcely a possibility of carrying out a single stroke to completeness. So constant were the collisions between the skaters, and so completely was one's attention absorbed by the necessity of steering clear of other people, that it was hardly possible to enjoy the amusement; I was on the point of giving the thing up and taking off my skates, when it occurred to me that there was one part of the pond on the opposite side which I had not tried, and which seemed to be less covered with skaters than the other portions of the ice.

Distance is a thing very soon disposed of in skating, and an approach to this more deserted region was the affair of a very few moments. As I drew nearer, I found that my first impression was not an incorrect one; there *were* fewer people here. Fewer people on all parts of this side of the pond, and just out there where that pole inscribed "Dangerous" had tumbled over on its side, there was no one. What fools the people must be! Are they afraid? Why, the frost has lasted a fortnight, and any one with eyes in his head would see that that "dangerous" pole has been left there simply because the proper authorities have forgotten to take it away.

Arrested and balked at every stroke as I had been all the morning, the sight of the clear place, where I could practice unmolested, was inconceivably attractive. I was very young, not more than sixteen or seventeen, and my taming days had not begun. Here was good ice in front, and nobody to knock up against me, and behind was bad ice and a crowd of skaters. Pooh! No danger! That board has been there ever since the frost set in.

Most people who have had any thing to do with ice will be aware that that substance is subject to several different kinds of cracks. There is the melodious, ringing, wholesome crack, which ice of any strength is liable to, and which is not indicative of danger; there is the sharp, rattling crack of thin ice, which certainly does show mischief at hand, but which is not perfectly inconsistent with security; and, lastly, there is a crack which he who hears will know by instinct to be a cry of warning, but one which is uttered generally just too late.

I had not philosophized much on cracks, or, indeed, on any thing else, at the time I am writing about. I had my skates on, I saw before me a sheet of ice, and I knew that the frost which was making my fingers tingle dated from a fortnight back. Such ice too! So black, and so smooth! A few more strokes, and what a sweep I shall have over its polished surface! a few more— Hark! is that man with the life belt on calling out to me? Yes. What's that!

A crack such as I had never heard before, and which sent the knowledge—not the apprehension, but the certainty—into my soul that I was going through the ice. There was not a clear second of time between the crack and the time when the ice gave way under me and I was in the water. The cruel, treacherous ice broke away as I held to it with my hands, gave with every touch, and made the space which I had broken away so large, that water was all around me except just in one spot to which I held, but held gently, seeing the thinness of the edge against which my breast was pressing, and knowing that if I moved this last fragment might go too, and then I must inevitably sink—I knew not how far: there was no ground beneath my feet.

How difficult, too, to keep still: the excessive cold of the water making my chest heave convulsively, and causing me to gasp for breath. How difficult to keep still, with the wicked water sucking at me and pulling and drawing me under, until I felt the *toes of my skates scraping the inside of the ice!*

By this time, the words that head this paper were ringing through the air, and the cry of "Man in!" reached me from many voices. I hardly expect it to be believed, but I have a vivid impression that in that hour of extreme danger, and with death so near, it was a gratification to me to hear that cry, and—I was not seventeen, remember—to be called a "man." I had so often writhed under the insult of being called a "boy" by my elders, that this cry of "Man in!" was, in a dim way, a sort of compliment to me. As I lay in the water with my arms stretched out over the piece of ice on which my life depended, I watched the preparations which were going on for my rescue, with an eagerness which none can know but those who have been in some such position. There was no one near me. The machinery of the Humane Society was all far removed from that place. I was skating alone when I dropped through, and had no friend upon the ice.

Still that lifting and sucking action of the water beneath me—pulling and drawing at me always. The man with the life-belt, with the long ice-ladder on wheels with the air-barrels at one end of it, and a drag fastened to the side, is hastening toward me from the other side. Can I hold on till he comes? The cold seems arresting my very life within me. Am I going to die? My young life—is it at an end already? O God! why did I ever do any thing wrong? The man with the ice-ladder on wheels has broken in at fifty yards' distance, and can not get any nearer to me—the ice is rotten all around. Who can come near to help me? A circle, far, far off, of frightened people gazing at me—I can not see their faces—they are making signs to me, but I can not understand; they are calling out to me, but I can not hear. And what would they say at home if they could see me now? Would the icemen try harder to save me if I had a brother there among the crowd to urge them on? A brother! This piece of ice is giving way; the water, which is sucking at me more and more, has got into my clothes; I am lower down than I was, and the ice to which I cling is sinking! The man who was coming to save me is still in the hole, and other men are trying to get him out. Every one of those Latin exercises done with the help of a key—and praises lavished on me for them—I lied about them, and said I had no help—I shall die—and the crowd—and that snow figure which the boys have built up is like the clown I saw last night in the pantomime—and the water is creeping over this piece of ice, and my arms are wet—and the ice will be under soon—and the men with the strange machinery are standing aloof, and can not get to me, and some are running round the bank, and they have ropes—and one has got a drag—but I am sinking now, my hair is wet, and the water pouring down my collar—and when we were at Naples, my father asked me to go out with him one day and to stay with him while he sketched—and a dog would have gone—but I had some plan of my own, and would not go—and he sighed—and I shall die—the men with the ropes upon the bank, and with a ladder—it is tied to the ropes—it is pushed along the ice toward me—a man is crawling along the ladder—but too late, for surely this is death—the voices on the bank—what do they say? The man is not far off—he crawls—so slowly—too late—I can not hold—I can not see—or hear—or feel—and I shall—die—

Not then. Saved, to write these words some fifteen years afterward, and to pause from time to time as I do so, and think how those years have passed. Saved, to remember this rescue for an hour after it happened, and then to go back into the world forgetting it. Saved, to pass through other dangers and to escape other perils; but never, perhaps, to be at such close quarters with death.

I have no distinct recollection—I never had any—of how I was got out of the water. I remember something of crouching beside the man on the ladder, a huddled mass of ice and freezing water, the ladder being swiftly drawn ashore by the ropes which were fastened to it, and breaking in once or twice in its progress over the surface of the ice. I remember the horror of each of these new accidents. I remember running as fast as I could, supported on each side by an iceman, from the Round Pond to the receiving-house of the Humane Society. I remember that some one had been sent on to order the warm-bath, which I found ready on my arrival. I remember how difficult it was to get my wet clothes off. I remember rejoicing that my stockings were not the pair which were darned so much at the knee, and which would have been discreditable; and I recollect seeing the water poured out of my watch—it was a silver one, but a good performer—on the ground; and then I remember feeling very happy, while the superintendent of the place—a man of some forty years of age, with a kind face and great bushy whiskers—kept throwing the warm water over my chest with his hands as I lay in the bath and thought how warm it felt, and how strange it was that water should be the first thing resorted to to repair the mischief which water had done.

Is misfortune good for us, that it makes us feel so happy afterward? I shall never forget the peace of that time. I shall never forget how, looking up at the face of this man as he sat beside the bath, I thought I had never seen any one who looked so good and so benevolent. He was a man who had the appearance of a sea-captain, and was the sort of person one would wish to have by one in a storm, or indeed in any kind of danger.

The receiving-house in Hyde Park is not, in its interior arrangements, unlike a ward in a hospital. Clean, and warm, and airy, it is provided with the means of having several warm baths at one time, and of readily putting in practice all the directions which are given in the Society's book for the restoration of those in whom life is suspended. As soon as I had been long enough in the warm bath, I was taken out and put into a bed between two warm blankets, heated from beneath by a hot water apparatus, but without sheets. The next remedy applied was a glass of scalding brandy-and-water of considerable strength; after drinking which I lay down again, and thought I had never been so warm or so comfortable in all my life. I remained there all the afternoon, in a half-dreamy state, watching the attendants as they moved about the room, putting to rights the things which had been deranged on my account, and listening to the sound of the turning over of leaves, which came from an adjoining room, where the superintendent was sitting, waiting till he might be wanted again, and reading, to beguile the time, a book of shipwrecks. Meanwhile a messenger had been sent to my house for dry clothes. The messenger thoughtfully chosen was a woman, lest if one of the men in his remarkable costume had gone he might alarm those to whom he was sent in an unnecessary degree. By the time the dry clothes had arrived I was just waking up from a pleasant doze. I was soon dressed, and was safe at home by the fireside before the lamps were lighted in the streets.

CAP'N BEN'S WIFE.

It is easy to describe Captain Ben Conover. Of powerful frame without being tall, quick in motion and speech, with a square, honest face, where many years of rough service have not left a line, with a certain smack of the sea which we always find in those who "follow the water," behold "Cap'n Ben," as he is universally called, the oldest and most experienced wrecker on the Jersey coast.

Meeting him the other day on board the *Highland Light*, I was surprised to hear him predict a "northeaster."

"You don't apprehend a storm so soon, do you? We've had a three days' fog, and that ought to bring fine weather according to the signs."

"Pity the clark o' the weather don't know all the signs, so he could make it to suit. Now my signs says we'll have a northeaster before to-morrow morning, and I am thinking there'll be work for me 'longshore."

Captain Ben is the only really weather-wise person I ever knew. He seems to know from instinct what others can only guess at; for, spite of the almanac and other equally credible authority, I maintain that, with our present knowledge, we can foretell nothing of the weather from observation.

"That three days' fog notion seems to hang on like," says the observing wrecker.

"Fact is, Cap'n Ben, I never did see a storm come out of a long fog."

"Well, Saxon, I have"—Saxon being a longshore nickname of mine. "The big blow of '38 came on in that way. You were a young 'un then; but you may remember the *North America* drove ashore on the Hook, and filled up the old Shrewsbury Inlet. I was anchor-sweeping with Jake Thompson that year, and lost my sloop the same night, with old Sam on board."

"That must have been a heavy loss to you, Cap'n Ben. You were a young man then?"

"Yes, the *Juliet* was my first sloop, and I thought at the time 'twas a pretty hard pull; but if it hadn't been for old Sam I should count that storm pretty much clear gain after all."

This ambiguous phrase, and the wrecker's peculiar smile, gave me to understand there was a story forthcoming, so, securing a couple of stools near the red little stove, and being seated, I expressed my readiness to listen.

"You know," continued the old man, "there was no wrecking stations in them days, only two or three of us kept boats at bad places 'longshore. I had one just below Deal, and after I got together a crew for her and set a watch on the beach, I made leg for Long Branch, where Uncle Jerry had a big old barge. She had been a good sea-boat, but her timbers were so worm-eaten you could punch a piece out with your finger. Uncle Jerry was laid up with rhumatiz, and I knew his boys would go off in her if need come, so I thought I'd better be with them, for in a heavy sea she'd want nice handling to keep her from bein' knocked to chips.

"I left the *Juliet* Tuesday morning and got to Uncle Jerry's about high-water Wednesday. I found young Jerry—that was then—on watch under lee of the barge, at a place called South Cove, where the shore bends in pretty sharp for a mile or so, and then takes a short turn back, making a bay shaped like a fish-hook, with the bight to south'ard. Across the mouth of this bay is a long bar that runs dry at low-water, and a worse place, in a northeaster, I don't want to see.

"Jerry told me the *North America* was wrecked in the inlet, and said the boys had gone up there at daylight.

"'Then you've stood watch all the morning alone,' says I.

"'Yes,' he says, 'I came down at low-water and been here ever since.'

"'Well, Jerry, I guess six hours out in such a storm is enough for one man. You go to the house and get on dry, and don't hurry back either. Some of the boys will be down from the Hook before dinner-time.'

"I overhauled the boat and found they had got her in pretty good order, and then took a tramp a little further up shore.

"The tide was full up, and the storm about at the worst. The surf on the bar was really awful. I have seen many a storm there since, but never when the sea seemed to get up as it did that day. It would roll up on to the flat, three great swells together, and then chop up into a thousand smaller seas, combing and breaking all ways at once. As I stood looking at the bar, thinking what a poor chance 'twould be for any thing that might go on there, old Tommy Wayman came along, and was going past, up to the house, without seeing me, the cape of his cloak blowing all over his face. I couldn't think what would bring the old man out in such weather, so I went over and spoke to him.

"'Pretty rough morning for you to be out, Mr. Wayman,' says I.

"'Oh, Ben,' he says, 'I am mighty glad to find you here! Yes, yes; this wind most blows me over. I can't stand it like I used to. I see Uncle Jerry's boys go up shore this morning, so I've been keepin' kind of a look-out with my glass. I can't see very well, Ben, but nigh as I can make out there's a vessel of some sort about two miles in the offing. She lays head to it, and I can't tell whether it's a ship with her mizzen gone or a brig. Any way she's dragging her anchors, and when she gets to the sand they'll pull through pretty fast.'

"'There's where she'll bring up, then,' says I, pointing to the bar; 'though, if there's any body aboard that knows enough, they might make a rag of sail on her and bring her round the upper end of the shoal into stiller water, and if her anchors wouldn't hold then she'd ground where the surf wouldn't hurt her a bit.'

"The old man shook his head. 'No, there ain't no pilot aboard, or they wouldn't be where they are. I see she'd have to strike here away, so I come down to look if any thing could be done with Jerry's boat.'

"'The boat is all right, Mr. Wayman, but how long would she live in a sea like that?'

"'No boat could go on to the bar and ever come back, Ben; but she might be taken to the inner edge of the shoal and be of help when the wreck breaks up. I could do it if I was younger, and they say you have a quick hand in a boat, Ben; but young folks is skeery these days; 'tain't like it was when I was young.'

"I didn't say any thing to that, but took another sharp squint to wind'ard, and thought I see a faint show of spars. 'Twas gone before I could be sure; but I began to wish the boys were home; so I asked the old man to go down to the boat-house and help me fire the gun. He thought 'twas no use, as it couldn't be heard more than half a mile to wind'ard; but we concluded to try it, and had fired two rounds when Jerry come down. He reported a brig in sight; so we fired again, three rounds being the signal of distress. The boys were near by when we first fired, and soon come running in. They were wet, cold, and hungry; so I made 'em all go up to the house while they could, thinking they'd need comfort, maybe, before they got another chance.

"Jerry and I set about building a big fire under lee of the boat-house; and by time we had done that the brig was in plain sight about a mile off shore. If I had been aboard her then I could have saved every stick and stitch; but those who were there must have given up, for they didn't try to do the first thing.

"We laid ways down to the water, and when the others came back lifted the boat on to rollers. Then we all stood round the fire and waited. That is the hardest thing I ever have to do. All the courage in the world can't keep a man from shrinking when he has to stand idly on the shore and see a noble ship driving on to certain destruction, with human beings, maybe, clinging to the rigging, only to be swept off when the sea breaks over her. No one spoke around the fire that day as we watched the brig coming in. She was drifting very slowly at first; but, as old Wayman had foreseen, when her anchors touched the sand they didn't hold at all, and she drove along fearfully fast.

"By this time a good many shore folk were gathered round the fire, and when I asked for volunteers to go in the boat every man offered. I chose a crew of eight, taking every other man as they stood; and while they were taking the boat down old Tommy Wayman came to me and asked pardon for what he had said. 'I know you'll not let an old man's talk tempt you to do any thing foolhardy, Ben; but if you should never come back I'd feel guilty about you long as I live.' I shook hands with the old man, and told him 'twas no time to remember such little things; and for the rest, with the blessing of Providence, I'd bring the boat safely back with more in her than she took out.

"We were a little to leeward of the brig when we started, but she drifted past us now very near the bar. I could not see her, as I held the boat almost in the wind, and didn't dare turn my head round even an instant, but I knew when she struck by the faces of the men. Watching my chance, I put the boat sharp about on the back of a sea, and we drove down toward the wreck. Just as I caught sight of her she lifted on a tremendous wave, and then pitched forward, striking so heavy that her foremast snapped like a pipe-stem and went over the side.

"As we neared her I put the boat head to wind'ard again, and we lay almost in the surf waiting for some sign of life. There was no one on deck, and after watching a while, straining on the oars to hold our own, we had about concluded she was deserted, when one of the men thought he saw a signal from the cabin windows. Next time she lifted they could all see it waved a moment and then withdrawn, and several thought they could make out a woman's arm.

"I expected every moment the brig would break up, but, as afterward appeared, she was entirely new and her hull was very strong. When I saw she would hold together some time at least, I knew there was nothing to be done unless we could board her.

"'There's the signal again,' said Jerry, who was pulling the bow oar, 'and it is a woman's arm, that's certain.'

"After a moment, finding they were all looking at me, I said: 'Boys, I'll not ask any one to go a stroke further. You know what is to be done as well as I. If the boat lives through we shall save at least one fellow-creature from a hard death. If she goes to pieces—some of us may get ashore.'

"No one answered, but as I let her fall off all she'd bear they bent to their oars with a will, and the next moment we were tossing and tumbling in the surf. It seemed to me hours, though I don't suppose 'twas many minutes, we were struggling literally for dear life, and, though eight better oars never were pulled, we several times lost more than we had made. The old boat behaved nobly though, and, in a little lull, we finally crossed the shoal, weathered the brig, and rounded to just under her lee.

"They saw us as we passed the cabin windows, and a man staggered out with a coil of line in his hand, one end of which he made fast in the main rigging and the other round his waist. A sea combing over the deck swept him off to leeward, and he was almost drowned before we could get him into the boat. He had been fearfully knocked about in the cabin, where all hands had taken refuge, and at first couldn't speak a word. He was a Portugee, and couldn't talk much English any way, but after a while contrived to tell us there were five more aboard the brig, though he believed they were all dead except the young woman who made the signals, and she must be about gone too by that time. I gave the helm to the stroke oar and stripped off every thing but pants and guernsey, then taking the line from the Portugee's waist, jumped overboard and struck out for the brig. That was mighty hard swimming, but with the aid of the line I contrived to pull up into the rigging and cling there till I could get breath again. The cabin was on deck, ship fashion, and by watching the seas I managed to reach the doors and open them. The water rushed out so I could hardly stand, and I had to wait for a back lurch before I could go in. Every thing movable was adrift—tables, chairs, and lockers—washing from one side the cabin to the other, bruising and mangling the lifeless bodies that were tossing to and fro with them.

"There was no one alive in the cabin, so I called loudly, and heard a faint answer from a side stateroom. The door was broken in and the little room was flooded with water at every side roll. Lashed fast in the top berth I found the young lady; she had given up all hope when deserted by the Portugee, and laid herself down here decently to die. Cutting the fasts, I lifted her in my arms and, without serious mishap, carried her out under lee of the caboose.

"I had not been aboard the brig more than ten minutes, but in that time the boat had drifted away and was laying in the surf on the shore side of the bar. The men bent to the work and pulled hard and hearty; but the Portugee was too much used-up to row strong, and six sweeps couldn't hold. They had to let her drive into quieter water where they could bail out and take breath. Then they dashed in again and did the best men could do, working on, though often losing in one minute all they had made in ten, in constant danger of being swamped or stove in, and the chances more against them every moment. I saw 'twas no use, and made signal to give it up and go ashore. They wouldn't do that; but going into smoother water again, they worked well up to wind'ard and tried to cross as we had at first. Two or three times in the trough of a sea I thought the old boat had gone under, and at last she did take a wave that filled her, and all but two had to in-sweeps and go to bailing with their hats. They drove by some ways in shore, and beckoned me to jump and swim. I would have tried it alone, but I knew I couldn't reach with the young woman, so I waved my hand to them and turned away, feeling sort of desperate and half choked.

"There was no time for having the blues though, for my companion required immediate attention. I had a little flask of spirits in the pocket of my guernsey, and made her take enough to brighten her up a bit. She was nearly exhausted by fatigue and cold, but said she was not much bruised, and when I spoke about building a raft, was anxious to help, though she couldn't stand on her feet. I soon found there was no raft to be built, as the whole deck was breaking up, having been started when the foremast went over. I had hoped that, as the hull proved strong, it might hold together till the storm abated; but when the deck began to go I knew the hulk would soon follow. I got into the cabin once more and found three or four blankets, which, though soaking wet, would keep the wind off. Wrapping the young woman up well as I could, I carried her into the main rigging, out of reach of the seas, and lashed her fast, clinging hard-by with my knife in my teeth, ready to cut at the last minute.

"I don't know if I told you before: the brig was the *Tonquin*, from Turk's Island, loaded with salt in bulk, and the breaking up of the deck, that I thought would be the ruin of us, proved, after all, our salvation. When the planks parted and floated off the cargo began to wash out, and as more was uncovered, it went by the ton. She began to have a longer lift with the sea, and didn't strike so heavy. I couldn't get a range to see, but thought we must be moving; and presently, sure enough, she swung round to her anchors, fairly afloat, and my hearty 'Thank God!' told my companion we were safely over the bar.

"As the brig lay pretty easy, head to it, I took the young woman down, and stowed her against the mainmast, while I made a little survey. The hold was half full of water, and there was evidently a big leak somewhere; so I thought best to cut cables and let her run ashore. I tried to get steering sail on her, but every thing was whipped out; and I had to let her go as she would.

"The young woman had quite livened up by this time, but I found her mourning piteously, and learned that her only brother lay in the cabin with the others. It appears he had been agent at Turk's Island for a house in New York, and his sister had accompanied him there, they two being entirely alone in the world. He had taken a fever out there, and they were returning home in hope of bettering his health, when the storm came upon them, just as they were rejoicing that the perils of the voyage were over. The poor girl cried bitterly while she told me her story; and if it hadn't been for the breakers close on the lee bow, Ben Conover might have felt another dash of salt-water too.

"We struck the beach about a mile below the boat-house, but the people had followed us down shore; and as the sea wasn't very heavy there, they hadn't much difficulty in taking us off all right. They made a kind of litter with sweeps and thwarts, and I had the girl carried up to Uncle Jerry's, where good old Aunt Sarah made her comfortable as possible.

"Next morning, as she was sleeping good, I went to York without seeing her. It took me three days to settle the affairs of the brig; and when I got back she was so glad to see me that I— Well, I don't know—only somehow I felt pretty glad, too.

"Having been at Turk's Island since she was a little girl, she had no friends here, and didn't know what to do nor where to go to. I advised her to stay where she was for a while, any way; and so she did. Uncle Jerry's folks took a great liking to her; and when I built my house in Shrewsbury, and was ready to move in that next spring, they didn't want to give her up at all.

"There, Saxon, that's the longest story ever I told. We must be inside the Hook by this time. Let's go on deck and see if the South River boat is in sight. And, Saxon, if you want to see a perfect picture of the girl I found in the cabin of the *Tonquin*, you come down to Squan and make us a visit. My daughter Sarah is just the image of her."

Captain Ben was right about the coming storm. The night of the 19th November witnessed one of the fiercest tempests of the year, and sixteen fellow-creatures became indebted for their lives to the skill, courage, and humanity of Captain Ben Conover and the hardy 'longshoremen of the Jersey coast.

FROM MY NATIVE LAND.

SWEET songster from a distant clime,
Why cam'st thou to my prison grate?
Why by this dread abode of crime
Dost wait?
Yet stay, and sing about my cell;
I love thee well.

Light tenant of the gentle breeze,
Whose sigh hath raised thy brilliant coat,
Till, like the foam crest on the seas,
Doth float
The snow beneath its gorgeous hue,
As white to blue.

Good bird, who was it bade thee fly,
And bear such bliss upon thy wing,
To him they have condemned to die?
You bring
Dreams of the cot where he was born:
Is it yet gone?

Thou wanderer from my native land,
Thou fairy of the golden wing,
See, at my bars I suppliant stand:
Come sing
The news thou bearest from abroad—
Thy precious hoard.

Tell me if yet the silver dew
Hangs heavy at the morning's dawn;
Or if the stream where once there grew,
All lorn,
A drooping willow at its side,
Still flows its tide?

And is the grass as soft and green,
The skies as bright as once they were?
The hunter, is he often seen
To dare
The chase, the echoing hills along,
With shout and song?

Say if the shadow of my though
Still prays upon the chapel floor,
And if that sacred prayer is fraught
No more,
With supplication deep and free,
Still breathed for me?

And tell me if the roses bore
Their blossoms when you came away;
And if the one whom I adore
For aye
Still weeps and wails amid their bloom
In silent gloom?

But whisper not her name, sweet bird,
Or whisper very soft and low,
As if too sacred to be heard—
As though
Some kindly angels from above
Said words of love.

But see, the light is overcast,
The rain comes pattering from the sky:
Sweet bird, the sunshine hour is past—
Come fly—
Come quickly to my friendly breast,
And find thy rest!

Thou fliest, and thy 'wildering song
Is deathly false and sadly vain;
My prison bars are doubly strong
Again.
There's nothing left in life for me
But Liberty!

NEW YORK, 1860.

SPANISH THUGS.

IT is but to a limited number of Spaniards of the present day that the existence, in any age, of the society we are about to describe is known. But that it was rooted out, only in the latter years of Charles the Fourth's reign, is an indubitable fact in the secret history of Spain, and one in association with which the Inquisition performed, perhaps, its only praiseworthy act.

There is no record of the period at which the secret society of Despenadores was first instituted; but from the name it is to be inferred it was of some antiquity. For though the Spanish language yet owns the verb active, despenar (not to be confounded with despeñar, which latter means the act of throwing from a rock or other elevation, precipitating), with the signification "to ease, to alleviate, to relieve from pain or care," it has long fallen into disuse, and may be looked upon as nearly obsolete.

On the evening of a certain day in the year 1803, in a darkened and noiseless apartment in the town of Ocaña, in Old Castile, a worthy and respected citizen lay suffering under disease of long standing; at the tester of his bed was fixed the customary pila, or little open earthenware vessel, containing holy water, surmounted by a painting of his patron saint; at the foot of the bed, a table of a small kind of altar bearing a couple of lighted tapers flanking a wooden effigy of our Saviour extended on the cross, on which the sick man's eyes were riveted imploringly, gave unmistakable signs that the patient was considered in danger. He was yet but a middle-aged man, unmarried, well-to-do in the world, of excellent character, and notable for his devout habits and rigid observance of all the forms and ceremonies of his Church. His only relative was a sister, who, with two domestics, constituted his household: these had now withdrawn from the sick-chamber to make way for his friend the parish-priest—fortunately a plain, sensible, straight-minded man—who, at the patient's request, had been sent for to receive his confession, and to administer the last rites of absolution and extreme unction. And now that these ceremonies had been performed, the clergyman, who had long known and held the patient in much esteem, remained alone by his side, praying with and exhorting him. The sick man did not exactly fear to meet death, nor did he murmur at the decree of his Maker, yet he nevertheless exhibited extreme regret at being called from this world so soon. Therefore his friend, the priest, sought somewhat to cheer him, by observing, "that, although in these acts he had complied with the duty of a good Christian in preparing himself for the worst, he ought by no means to despair of the possibility of the Divine mercy being even yet extended to him in this world, as there were numerous instances of persons recovering from a far more precarious state than he was yet in." This reawakened some hope in the patient's mind, and he seemed to gather strength and energy.

But a slight noise in the room occasioning him suddenly to cast his eyes toward the door, the patient was seized with a convulsive tremor; his countenance betrayed signs of the most intense horror, and a cold sweat burst from him, as in an agonized whisper he said to the priest, "There is no hope, no escape, for me; now, indeed, my life is circumscribed to a few minutes, and it must terminate when you leave me; my death is now certainly and inevitably at hand." The good priest feared that a sudden delirium had seized the sick man, yet thought it well to argue with him, and inquire if any change in his sensations induced him to make so fatal a prognostic? No; he felt no increase in the symptoms of his disease; but he must die, he must die almost immediately. As he repeated this, often and coherently, and always in the same whispered tone, the priest insisted on being told the reason; and at last the patient, with great trembling and secrecy, pointed his attention to two persons who had entered and who stood in conversation at the farther end of the room, as though unwilling to intrude on his spiritual conference with his adviser. They were staid, sober, and respected men of that same town, wearing the sad-colored garments that denoted their being beatos, or devotees, and they were acquainted both with the patient and the priest; they had come to inquire the state of their departing friend, and if it must be, to take their farewell of him. The sick man, with increased agitation, whispered, "They are of us. They are my companions. They are Despenadores. By their hands I shall die as soon as you quit me and they and I are alone." With this, his thin hands seized and held the priest's arm with almost supernatural force.

What was the meaning of those words? What were Despenadores? Why should his fate depend upon them? These were questions the priest was quite unable to solve; but he determined, as far as possible, to tranquilize the poor wretch by assuring him that he would not leave his side until desired by himself to do so. This in some measure relieved the sick man's fright. There the priest sat for hours, during which the two visitors more than once drew near the bedside, inquiring of the patient (who shuddered afresh at each approach) the state of his body and mind, considerately observing that the Señor Parroco must be wearied by his long attendance, and offering to relieve him in waiting upon and praying by the dying man. But the priest, warned by the clutch of his friend's hand, declined to accept their proposal, and, finally, finding no pretext for a longer stay at that time, they had to withdraw.

Perceiving that there was a mystery he could not for the present trace, and that the conflict of terror and hope rendered the patient for the time incapable of clearing it up, the clergyman resolved on staying by him until his latest hour, should his disorder finally take a fatal turn; and he gave strict injunctions that no one whatsoever but the medical attendants should be admitted into the sick-room: his clerical presence being a sufficient excuse to any others who might seek entrance. On the succeeding day he was gratified by learning that the crisis of the disorder had passed, and that the patient's condition was much more hopeful. As soon as he found him sufficiently tranquil and reassured to revert to the mysterious subject, the priest urged him to disclose every thing relating to his strange hints of the preceding night. Ultimately he drew from him, though with much difficulty, this acknowledgment: That there existed a secret Brotherhood of which he was a member, not numerously, but widely, disseminated throughout Spain, who were sworn to seek every opportunity of gaining access to such persons as, being in *articulo mortis*, had received the last sacraments and rites of their religion, and, under pretext of praying with and giving them spiritual consolation, to seize the first moment of being alone with them to terminate their remaining hours—by strangulation, by smothering with a pillow, or in any other way not calculated to awaken suspicion: That this association was guided by a much higher object than the merely charitable one which their adopted name of Despenadores would indicate; for, instead of merely intending to abbreviate the death-agony of the sufferer, their object was to prevent all possibility of his escaping death by an unlooked-for recovery, as would sometimes happen: That the Despenadores knew that, after having received plenary absolution and the other final rites of the Church, the sick were in a state of beatitude, and certain of admission to heaven; while, should they be restored to health, they would be again exposed to all the snares and temptations of this wicked world, which, according to the weakness of nature, would lead them to sin anew and unavoidably imperil their souls, should they afterward be cut off by accidental sudden decease: That the Brotherhood, therefore, sought the eternal welfare of the absolved, and insured them a certain entrance into Paradise.

Avowing that he had personally taken part in these acts on more than one occasion, the patient was sternly asked by the priest why they had never been referred to in his frequent confessions to him? He answered that it was not incumbent on him or on any of his companions to name them, for, so far from being sins, they were meritorious actions, inasmuch as they rendered certain the salvation of souls that might otherwise perish.

The poor priest was shocked and puzzled by the revelation, for he could not easily decide whether he ought or ought not to regard it as made under the seal of confession, and consequently of inviolable secrecy; but, after some consideration, he judged it his duty to lay the whole matter privately before his diocesan, the Archbishop of Toledo. That prelate being one of the grand inquisitors, found sufficient reason in it for having the three individuals whom the clergyman pointed out as Despenadores lodged in the cells of the Holy Office. On being examined, they exhibited neither fear nor compunction at owning themselves members of that secret but, as they contended, most praiseworthy association, or in naming such others of the fraternity as they knew.

How to act toward the fanatics implicated in this most horrible league, who were within a short time all arrested, became a matter of perplexity as well to the Inquisition as to the Council of Castile (which, as civil crime had been committed in the formation of a secret society, had also to take part in it); for it was desirable to avoid, as far as possible, giving publicity to the facts, lest an indignant spirit of revenge should be roused among survivors who conceived that their deceased relatives had been murdered. The question of culpability was, therefore, in many instances put hypothetically for consideration of the most eminent jurists in Spain, as well of common as of canon law, and the majority of their conclusions was that crime had been committed—not with a willfully guilty intent, but from a deplorably misguided and fanatical belief. The punishment was consequently limited to such different terms of confinement as were considered necessary to indoctrinate the culprits in a proper manner; and when they were released it was under the assurance that the utmost severity of the law would be put in force against them in the event of relapse. The higher ecclesiastical and civil authorities were commanded to keep a most vigilant watch, and from that time the association was virtually extinguished, whatever became of the individual feelings of its members.

How many victims may have been sacrificed to this spirit of inhuman and revolting fanaticism no human being can ever know, and the day of judgment alone can reveal.

THE NEW ROBE.

BY S. E. S.

When Lady Earth rose from her cold ocean bath,
  Entwining her brown-shadowed hair,
One day when the winds fluttered chill o'er the path,
  And the leaves shivered down on the air,
She turned, in disdain, from the soft-flowing grace
  Of her robe, and her jewels' gleam,
While the splendor fell down from her fair, bright face,
  Like the falling light of a dream.

"I am weary," she said, "of the crimson and gold
  That shine out in my autumn dress;
For the Night hath wept over every fold,
  And tarnished its loveliness.
'Twas gorgeous and rich, but I tire of it now,
  And sigh for another, whose hue
Shall be like the blossoms that fall from the bough
  Of the apple-trees, wet with dew.

"The sober brown dress that I wore last spring
  When I sought for the first young flowers,
When I listened afar for the birds that sing
  Through the low monotone of the showers,
Was soiled by the dews and the mist's gray wings,
  That trailed o'er its glistening sheen;
And as summer blushed by the valleys and springs,
  I drew around me a robe of green.

"'Twas covered with blossoms and low trailing vines,
  With jasmines and sea-mosses quaint;
And the long grasses waved in delicate lines
  Where the rose in my hair grew faint.
Diamonds and rubies with quivering light,
  Flashing, lay on my bosom bare;
While the lilies that bloomed on my mantle white
  Dropped fragrance athwart the air.

"But I cast it aside with cold, careless scorn,
  And stepped from its clinging caress;
And down midst the yellow and whispering corn
  I wove me a glittering dress.
Right royally floated its purple and gold,
  Gemmed over with gay crimson leaves,
While a warm, mellow light glanced down from each fold,
  Like the sun on the harvest sheaves.

"I braided the bands of my long, sunny hair
  With the drooping grace of the wheat,
And fastened the clasp of my girdle rare
  With the blue grapes fragrant and sweet.
But the wheat is shaken, the grapes' deep blue
  Hath lost all its dewy light,
And the hem of my robe is soiled, trailing through
  The forest's brown paths in the night.

"I will dress me anew, ere the morning dawns,
  In a robe whose beauty shall be
As soft as the shadows that flit o'er the lawns,
  And pure as the foam of the sea."
Then she paused: but hearing the wind's low sighs
  That crept over the mountain bleak,
The light grew dark in her soft blue eyes,
  As a thought flushed over her cheek.

When the morning came with its wide, pale light,
  She stood by the frozen sea,
With her bare arms gleaming, snowy and white,
  From her robe of purity.
'Twas floating and fair as the wind-kept down
  That falls from the eider's wing;
And diamonds and pearls in her jeweled crown
  'Neath the sunbeams were quivering.

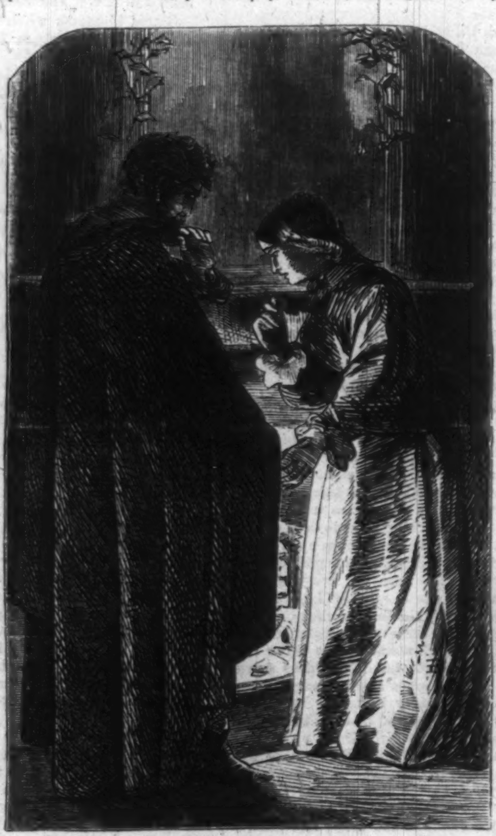
Long plumes of white, with their tremulous grace,
  Drooping down from her shadowed hair,
Touched softly the blush on her bright, glad face,
  As she smiled on the sunlit air.
In the misty folds of her drapery lay
  Rare blossoms of silvery hue,
So cunningly wrought—so dream-like were they—
  Each moment they changed to the view.

For the fluttering fall of the soft pure lace,
  That lay like a vail around,
Hid the lily away in the snow-drop's place,
  And covered them both with down;
And the Ladye's smile overflowed her face,
  In a sudden and happy glow,
As her eyes swept over her new robe's grace—
  The whiteness and silence of Snow.

St. Louis, Missouri.

WHAT EVERY BODY SAID.

Every body said that of all the Manhattan maidens whose bright eyes were wont to reflect the lustres of the Academy, whose merry voices filled Society's halls with the most enchanting music that nature knows, and whose beaming spirits forever repelled all thought of sad solemnity, Mary Dashford's eyes were brightest, her voice the sweetest, and her heart the lightest. Every body said that every body else was some way in love with Mary—either gayly or seriously, confidently or hopelessly, calmly or desperately. The idea of not being subject to infatuation of some sort, as regarded Mary, was not to be entertained at any time. Every body said, too, that among all the devoted throng who had enshrined her in their souls not one could fairly claim undivided pre-eminence in her esteem; but that with amiable grace she showered little non-committal pleasantries around, which each might gather for himself and yet feel nowise advanced above his fellows. It seemed clear enough that all were looked upon by her with equal, and not at all excessive, though sufficiently good-natured favor.



"SHE LET THE NOTE FALL AMONG THE GLOWING FLAMES."

There was, indeed, one exception—that every body acknowledged. But it was not of a nature to excite apprehension among the struggling competitors for Mary's kind will. Quite the contrary. An odd kind of fellow, who used often to assume dignity, and to put on airs of sobriety when every body else was mirthful—who had been heard to utter words of grave reproof to Mary in some of her moments of most daring merriment—who had, as a proper punishment, been visited with the only petulance and displeasure that ever escaped her—who had not even the rightful claim of extreme youth upon her attention, and who was altogether too profound and sometimes even pedantic to suit at all the tastes of the brilliant circle over which Mary held sway—was evidently viewed by her with much distrust and suspicion, notwithstanding that his relations of apparent friendship toward her were never broken apart, and a superficial courtesy guided all the details of their intercourse.

Not that Mr. George Newberne was absolutely repulsive or intolerable. Very far from it. At most times, every body, Mary, too, was disposed to consider him with approbation;—for, after all, there were few more brilliant, more genial, more generous than he, when he so chose to be. But then he had queer ways of intruding inappropriate severities at unexpected times, and scattering sharp observations about him, in a manner that would bring upon him the temporary hatred of all who heard him. Not even Mary, whom every body else strove to shield from the faintest shadows of discomfort, was secure from his occasional asperities. Sometimes, in the very height of her brilliancy, when all had gathered about her delighted, and were taking to themselves spiritual warmth in great quantities, the sentiment of the group would be suddenly changed from happiness to wrath by some extraordinary and ill-timed utterance of Mr. Newberne, calculated to bring reproach upon the central divinity. Perhaps Mary would then briskly retort, and fling back the weapons that had been so unfairly used against her; and at such times Mr. Newberne was always instantaneously silenced. Some thought this strange, because they had noticed that when any person else entered the contest on her part, and undertook sarcastic retaliation, he was straightway confounded and put to shame by Newberne, who, whatever were his errors, had certainly no need to shrink from any encounter of keen wits. How Mary endured it so repeatedly nobody could understand, and every body declared that the time must speedily come when Mr. George Newberne would be blotted out from her recognition.

I remember one of these little exhibitions of bad taste, which was perhaps the most annoying that ever occurred. One festival night, when Mary was more than usually captivating, and when of all the attractions of a glittering drawing-room her conversation was the most powerful, she was surrounded by a little army of admirers, most of whom stood silent, venturing only a chance acquiescent phrase or a submissive murmur of approval. Mr. Newberne stood not far away, listening like the rest, and smiling like the rest, at each flashing sentence. Mary drew wonderful word-pictures of character. With a phrase she characterized, for evil or for good, whomsoever she chose. Of all mimics she was the first. A peculiarity of tone came aptly reproduced from her little mouth. An oddity of feature was caught and represented with the queerest twist of her pretty face. Rushing playfully along, her tongue lit upon Tom Henderson. Never a better subject for her treatment. His countenance, distorted by a long, deep cut, and his manner of speech, made singular by the termination of the same scar in his lip, were vividly brought up. How every body laughed, and how every body clapped hands as Mary tossed back her dainty head, and paused to take breath!

Every body except Mr. George Newberne, of course, who saw a favorable opportunity for his customary interjection of ill-nature.

"To be sure," he said, "nothing can be droller than that scar. And its history, too, is all so comic. You remember how Henderson came by it. A little crossing-sweeper stood unconsciously before a Broadway omnibus. Tom curiously enough thought it worth while to save her from being crushed. He did get her away, but then he lost his balance, and fell beneath the wheels. And so he received that ludicrous long gash, and rendered himself a standing joke for the rest of his life."

Every body was silent for a minute. Then Mary, with her face deeply flushed, said:

"Well, Mr. Newberne, you have thrown me, too, under the wheels of your contempt, but you see I am not crushed."

Every body applauded the firmness and quick defiance with which this was said, and I think Newberne himself wished he had remained quiet.

From that time, although they met as frequently as ever, there grew an icy reserve between Mary Dashford and Geo. Newberne. Some persons thought too that when he was by she showed less gayety than she had been accustomed to. But this was considered of very slight importance compared with the fact that, for the first time within the knowledge of society, Mary began to indicate a human preference. And who should be its object but this same unfortunate Tom Henderson, of whom she had made such fun only a little while before?

Every body doubted at first, but it soon became clear that Tom was very much favored. She went with him to the opera twice as often as with any one else, and allowed him to talk with her just as much as he desired to, which she had never used to do, because, she had said, although he was a noble and courageous fellow, as he had proved himself in that affair of rescuing the little street-girl, yet he certainly was dull and uninteresting, and brought heaviness of spirit upon her. But she never said any thing of this kind now, and if any body ever laughed at Tom to her, she would not encourage him a bit.

This went on until Tom himself experienced a light, and understood with some degree of clearness how matters were. Of course he was vastly delighted, and gave plentiful evidence of his appreciation of the good fortune that had befallen him. He bought amazing trowsers, and decorated himself all over with watch-chains and finger-rings, to the extent of a good many hundreds of dollars. In the matter of boots and kid-gloves he became astonishingly immaculate, and his neckties were the most touching things I ever saw, in that way. His absolute disregard of cost, it was said by shop-keepers, brought upon him a great deal of credit. He even undertook to express himself in a more direct way to Miss Dashford herself, by adoration-offerings of bracelets and things; but these were rather frowned upon by the lady, who forbade him to go to any greater lengths than an occasional bouquet.

Mr. George Newberne saw all this, as every body did, but, unlike the rest, refused to make it a subject of public discussion. He saw no reason, he said, to question or deliberate upon the attachments of a pair of young people, and, for his part, he preferred not to talk too much about it. This was ascribed to his well-known acerbity, and, when it was announced one day that he was about to desert New York, and run off for some years to the opposite continent, every body said he had probably got tired of the unfailing topic, and was determined to get rid of it by this violent means. But somehow, every body, in spite of all his bad temper and repeated social aggressions, felt a regret which they could not explain when they heard the news. They remembered some good points of manliness, genuine sincerity, honorable friendship, which they had been in the habit of overlooking. But as it was settled that he was to go, they could only bid him the best good-by they had on hand, and wish him all sorts of pleasant journeyings.

Mr. Newberne passed around to say the last words to his friends before departing. He came in upon Mr. Tom Henderson.

"What can I do for you, Tom, over the water?" said he.

"Oh, nothing," said Henderson, "nothing that I think of. But, then, Newberne, perhaps you might do something for me here before you go—that is, if you are willing."

"Of course; say what."

"You will see Mary Dashford before you go?"

"This morning, if she is at home."

"Well, Newberne, I have always had an idea that a thing or two which you said one night at Larcher's house first turned Mary's thoughts upon me. I may be wrong, anyhow I would. What do you think about it, old fellow?"

"I never think about any thing," said Mr. Newberne.

"Oh; well, that's strange, too. But still it seemed so to me, and since Miss Dashford has—since she gives—since every body says I have—of course you've heard what every body says?"

"Oh yes."

"Of course; well, since that is the case, I have written a little note here—I began it last week, but it came hard, and I only finished it last night—telling her what every body says, you know, and asking her what she says, you see. Don't you see?"

"I see," said Mr. Newberne.

"To be sure," said Mr. Henderson. "Now since I owe you, or at least I think I do, something in this affair already, wouldn't you be a splendid fellow, and add to the obligation by handing her this note? Then, you see, if she should be angry, you could soothe her, you know, and you might say a thing or two in the right direction any way, you know."

At that moment Mr. Newberne's attention was attracted to the street. Returning, after a little space, he said:

"No, Henderson, be advised, and don't ask my assistance. I can't help you in this case. Besides, letters never do at such a time."

"What, not do?"

"Not at all. I know a lady who was attacked ever so many times with letters, and who put them all away, one after the other. It needed the true evidence of earnest feeling that the voice and the eye, and— Well, I can't give you lessons, but take care to avoid letters."

"Now, my dear fellow, it's my only way. What else shall I do? You don't expect such a face as mine to fascinate, do you? And what sort of a voice is mine, cracked by an omnibus wheel, to say soft things. Oh, it won't do, you know. So help me through, and take the note."

Mr. Newberne yielded to continual persuasions, and took first the note and then his leave, with a little less cordiality than he had shown on entering.

Miss Dashford was at home, and would be glad to see Mr. Newberne.

Presently they stood together in the drawing-room. Less brightly animated, but not less charming than ever, was Mary. She never seemed so tranquil as when she welcomed her visitor; and yet her little hand, as it lay for a moment in his, quivered, trembled, as it was not used to do.

"A bad hour," said Mr. Newberne. "Do I come too early?"

"Oh no—oh no," said Mary; "you do not come too early."

"I have a double duty," he said. "First, let me tell you that I go to-morrow upon a long voyage. It would not do for me to go without your good wishes."

"I heard you were going, Mr. Newberne, but I doubted; for I thought if it were true I should know it from you."

What was it in her tone that made his fingers leave the note he carried in his pocket, and wonder within himself whether he would part with it at all? But he hesitated only for a moment.

"I have also," he said, "promised to hand you this, from a gentleman who has done me too much honor in confiding it to me. It was his wish, not altogether mine, that I should bring it."

With some surprise she took it and read. Then her head drooped a little, and her face was hidden.

They stood very quietly, just by the fire-place, Newberne still folded in his heavy traveling cloak—Mary shading her countenance with her hand. At last she looked up and spoke.

"Do you know," she asked, "what is in this note?"

"Mr. Henderson has told me," he said.

"You have often, Mr. Newberne, helped me to a better understanding of my real duty than I myself possessed. I have always thanked you for it at some time, though you have had little enough reason to think so. Help me once more, Sir; tell me now what I should do."

"Don't ask me—don't ask me, Miss Dashford," he said. "Here you alone must judge. You must not ask me to say a word."

Then after another brief pause, bending forward, she let the note which told the story of poor Tom's heart, but never touched her own, fall among the glowing flames. And yet neither spoke.

But as the little hand returned it was caught—caught too fast to be released—and the drooping form was drawn to a stronger and worthier resting-place than it had ever before found.

"You will not go to-morrow?" said Mary, looking up, and speaking first, a long while after.

"My darling, no," said George Newberne.

At first every body said it was impossible." But this would not do at all; so every body said confused things indicative of profound stupor. At length, however, it was all arranged with extreme elegance, for every body said, "Of course, by all means, we always thought so; and some of us knew it from the very beginning."

THE REAL JAPANESE MERMAID.

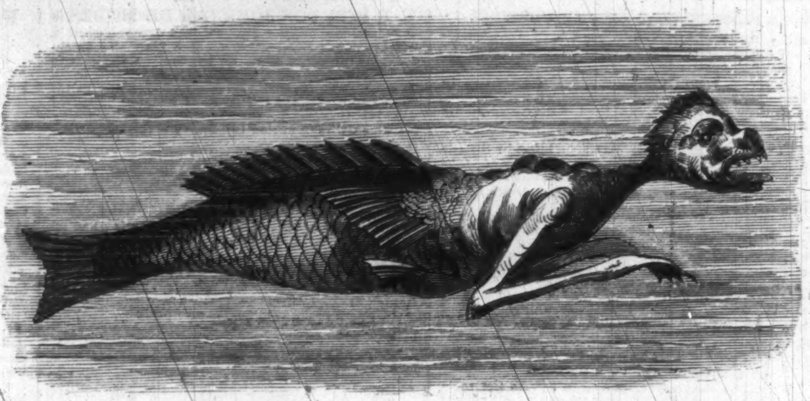
THE accompanying engraving of the well-known fish called by the Japanese the *Noomo*, is from a sketch obligingly furnished us by the writer of the following letter. It will be viewed with interest by all who remember the excitement produced some years since by the exhibition of a so-called mermaid at Barnum's, in this city. The letter is as follows:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

RANDOLPH, MACON COLLEGE, VIRGINIA,
December, 1859.

I am to-night in receipt of a letter from Dr. D. B. Phillips, surgeon in the United States Navy, steamer *Mississippi*, dated Hong Kong, Sept. 27, 1859, and containing the accompanying sketch from nature and description (with the request that I forward them in his name and with his compliments to you) for your *Weekly*, "of a very singular animal, found in Japan, and called the *Noomo*. The specimen from which this sketch was taken is dead and dried, and is eighteen inches in length. I have examined it [continues Dr. Phillips] with the utmost care, and am fully persuaded that it is genuine. It is universally and immediately recognized by the Japanese as a *Noomo*. The specimen is now in possession of Mr. T. King, master of the American schooner *Wanderer*, now at Shanghai, who purchased it at Kanagawa, Japan, for the sum of 130 *ichiboos*, equal to $40. Mr. King has since been offered $1500 for it by (as I understand) Mr. Bruce, the English Minister to China." Vouching for the truth of all I assert, and leaving the question of classification to the naturalist, I remain,

Yours truly, WILLIAM B. CARR.

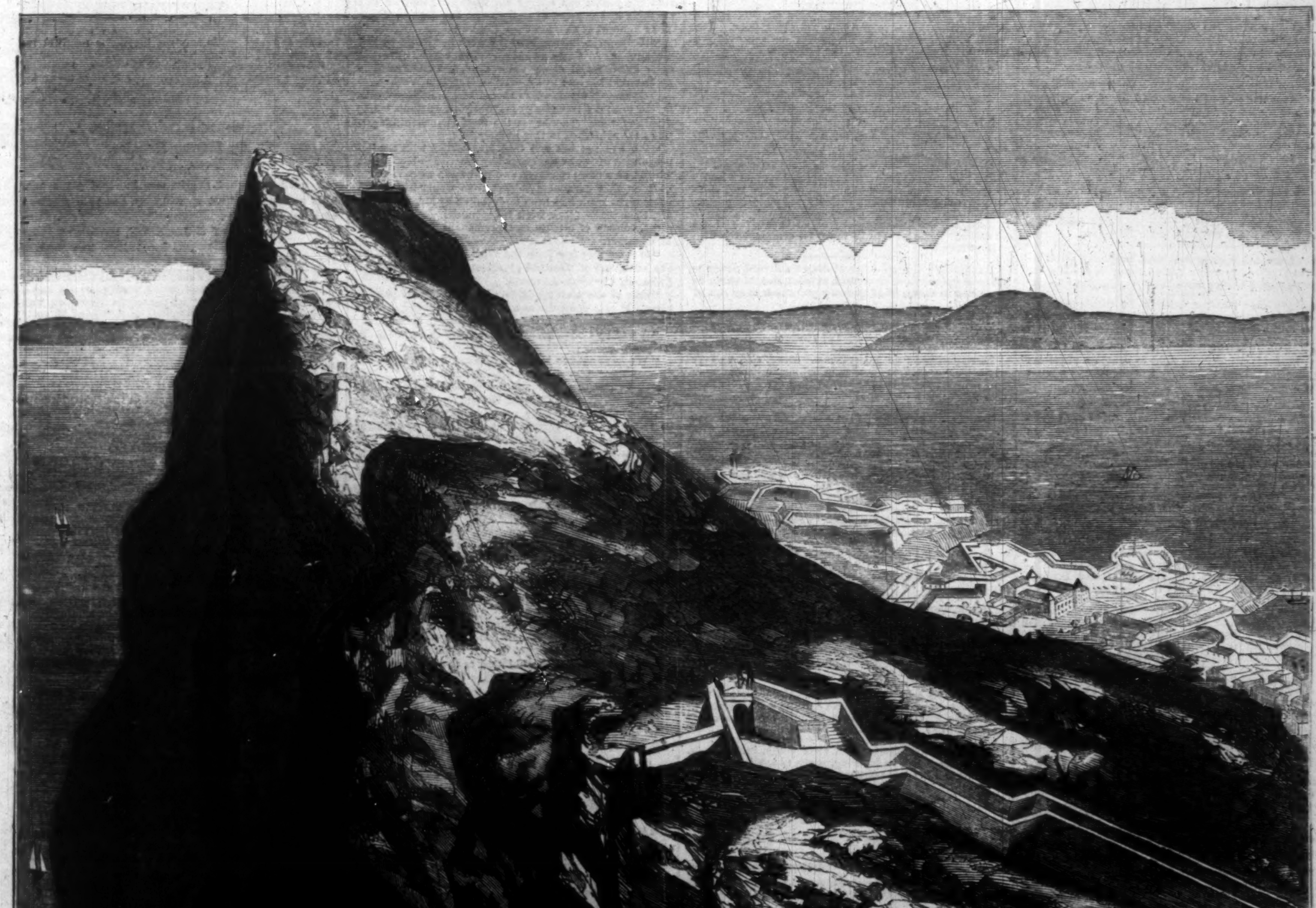


THE JAPANESE MERMAID.—[FROM A SKETCH BY DR. PHILLIPS, U.S.N.

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.

IN connection with the war now raging in Northern Africa between Spain and Morocco we give the accompanying picture of the rock of Gibraltar, the key of the Mediterranean. If Spain should be successful in the war, her statesmen openly avow her intention of endeavoring to recover, by fair means or foul, this important position. No attempt of the kind would be successful if made by force; but England is now less covetous of territory than she was once.

Gibraltar, standing as it does on a peninsula at the entrance to the Mediterranean, is connected with the continent of Spain by a low sandy isthmus, one mile and a half long and three-quarters of a mile broad; having the bay of Gibraltar on the west (which is formed of Europa Point on the east and Point St. Garcia on the west) and the open sea of the Mediterranean on the east. Near the point of junction of this isthmus with the main land are the Spanish lines, between which and the rock is a space called the neutral ground. The highest point of the rock is about 1400 feet above the level of the sea; its north face is almost perpendicular; while its east side is full of tremendous precipices. On its south side it is almost inaccessible, making approach from seaward impossible; the west side, again, although nearly as rugged and precipitous as the others, slopes toward the sea, and here the rock is secured by extensive and powerful batteries, rendering it apparently impregnable. Vast sums of money and an immense amount of labor have been spent in fortifying this celebrated strong-hold. Numerous caverns and galleries, extending from two to three miles in length, and of sufficient width for carriages, have been cut out of the solid rock, forming safe and sheltered communications from one part of the garrison to another without being exposed to the fire of an attacking enemy. Along these galleries, at intervals of every twelve yards, are port-holes, bearing on the neutral ground and bay; while trees, shrubs, and flowers of various kinds have been planted at different points, both for ornament and utility. On the summit of the rock there are several barracks, towers, and fortresses. Of late the fortifications have been carefully strengthened at every vulnerable point. Something over 1000 guns, of the largest calibre, are mounted on the rock; and it is supposed that among them the Armstrong gun will not be wanting. The principal defenses are on the west side, fronting the bay, but there is also a battery on the east side, though the steepness and ruggedness of the rock would seem to render it almost unnecessary. The town of Gibraltar is situated on the west side of the peninsula, terminating in Europa Point, and fronts the bay. The bay is of semicircular form, about six miles in length and four and a half in breadth. The best anchorage is from off the middle of Algesiras, on the west side of the bay, toward Palmones River. The shipping is sheltered on the British side by two formidable moles, called Old and New Mole—one on the north and the other on the south side of the town of Gibraltar. Opposite the town of Gibraltar, on the west side of the bay, is the Spanish town of Algesiras.



THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR, SHOWING THE MEDITERRANEAN AND THE COAST OF MOROCCO.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Here is a fine example of waking up the wrong passenger:

"Passing over the Georgia Railroad some months ago, I fell in company with my friend W. H. Blankanship, better known as Dr. B., who, during the ride, got to nodding, and nodded off his hat. On awaking, he saw two gentlemen laughing at his excessive bowing. One of them remarked: 'My good man, you shot a monkey that time.'—'Yes,' said he; 'and if I'd had you in range I would have killed two!'"

About thirty-five years ago a Pittsburgh alderman committed some boys to prison "for raising a rumpus and other riotous conduct." He went by the name of Alderman Rumpus all the rest of his life.

A German doctor in Pennsylvania, giving his evidence in Court respecting a broken limb, called the fracture a fraction. In his cross-examination he was asked if the fraction of which he had spoken was a vulgar fraction or a *decimal* fraction. "Oh!" said the doctor, very earnestly, "it wash a *dishmal* fraction!"

Forty or fifty years ago the amiable Mr. T——, the curator of the Academy of Fine Arts, sat for several winters in the Legislature of Pennsylvania as one of the Representatives from Philadelphia. On one occasion, a country member having presented a petition for a lottery, Mr. T—— moved its reference to the Committee on Vice and Immorality. At this the presenter of the petition flared up, and cried, "Mr. Speaker, do you and the members of this House know what the member from Philadelphia does for his living? I will tell you: he shows naked images to ladies and gentlemen for a quarter-dollar a head. He's a pretty fellow to talk of vice and immorality!"

On Sunday morning, September 25, 1859, a notice appeared upon the door of a prominent hotel in Washington City, of which the following is a *verbatim* copy:

"Gentleman will Please not Bring any mor chairs into th passeg or about th door it very much displices th ladis & the success in the buisness depend on pleaising the Ladis"

An ex-United States Consul sends us the following:

"The Yankees residing at Buenos Ayres met together to take measures to celebrate the coming Fourth of July, and I was called upon to preside. As soon as I had briefly stated the object of our meeting, Mr. F——, formerly of Massachusetts, arose, and after handing around a printed page, proceeded to read. The preamble was good, and the resolution—'Resolved that the next Fourth of July commence on the evening of the third, and continue till the evening of the twenty-first'—decidedly patriotic. What a spree in prospect!"

"The whaling bark *Franklin* put in for repairs, and looking over the captain's log-book I found an entry of one page to consist of, 'This day commences dead calm.' A few lines below, 'See a tuttel.' Ten or twelve hours later appears the next observation, 'See anuther tuttel.' And the day's work ends with, 'This day ends—dead calm, out 1004 days nothin more pertickler.'

"'Lat obs. 3. 17. S. Lon 116. 40. W.'"

Those periodicals are most likely to explode which haven't a spark of fire in or about them.

The studio of a first-rate portrait painter must be a perfect bedlam: it is full of *striking likenesses*.

It has been said that the difference between a carriage-wheel and a carriage-horse is that one goes better when it is tired, and the other doesn't.

Somebody says that "snoring is the spontaneous escape of those malignant feelings which the sleeper has no time to vent when awake."

An Eye to Business.—Some one has remarked somewhere, that it is a ludicrous sight to behold a physician attending his patient's funeral: it looks so like a tailor taking home his work.

Practice makes Perfect.—"Oh, Jacob," said a master to his apprentice boy, "it is wonderful to see what a quantity you can eat."—"Yes, master," replied the boy; "I have been practicing since I was a child."

One day a beggar man, who had long been known as the do-no-good of the place where he lived, met another laden with two panniers. On asking what was in them, and being told that they contained rags and bones, he exclaimed, "Well, then, toss me in, for I'm nowt else."

"Why, Bridget," said her mistress, who wished to rally her for the amusement of her company upon the fantastic ornamenting of a huge pie, "why, Bridget, did you do this? You are quite an artist. How did you do it?"—"Indade, it was meself that did it," replied Bridget. "Isn't it pretty, mum? I did it with your false teeth, mum."

A glass of soda water was offered to a country lad, who rejected it with the greatest indignation. "Do you think I am a salamander," said he, "to drink water biling hot?"

"You had better ask for manners than money," said a finely-dressed gentleman to a beggar boy who had asked for alms.—"I asked for what I thought you had the most of," was the boy's reply.

Philosophers themselves, like the stoic gentlemen of Marmontel, after praising simplicity of living, often sink to sleep on heavy suppers and beds of down.

Persons in a crowd should keep their elbows out of each other's stomachs; yet a man's stomach is oftener injured by the motion of his own elbow than by those of his neighbors.

The Sentence of a Wise Magistrate.—Always speak of a man as you fined him.

"Wanted—A Few More of the Same Sort."—Farini, the dictator of Central Italy, has shown so much pluck, sagacity, and energy, that one can not help wishing Italy had at this moment more men "*ejusdem farinæ*."

Lost Men.—When bachelors get married their bachelor acquaintances see them no more. So far as concerns their chums who live in chambers, they might indeed almost as well be dead as wedded. Sometimes one of them appears in the haunts he once frequented, but he comes there like a ghost, and seems the merest shadow of the jolly chap he used to be. His old friends regard him more with sorrow than with anger, but neither he nor they derive much comfort from his visit. In fact, he drops in like a tax-gatherer, and makes every one uncomfortable. He who was once the life becomes the death's-head of their dinner-table. A Benedick with bachelors is a fish out of water; and the best thing to be done with him is to throw a bait out and try to make him hook it.

Malapropism.—A good old lady, having occasion to mention a work by a great contemporary historian, denominated it Micawber's "History of England." Subsequently, referring to the arrangement which terminated the late Italian war, the dear old soul called it the Treatise of Villafranca.

The Banks of the Tiber.—Crassus was the richest man of his time among the ancient Romans. Who were his bankers? If the opulent triumvir had a banker, Mr. Cassius.

QUEER QUERIES.

In what light can a betting-man be viewed as a *lay* figure?

Is it legal for a blind man to sue upon a bill made payable at sight?

When the morning breaks, is it expected to appear in the Bankruptcy Court?

A PROBLEM VERY EASY OF SOLUTION.

By an Indignant Young Lady, who is tired to death at the stupid rubbish that is indulged in at the expense of ladies' dresses.

Given: A Lady's Crinoline, and a Gentleman's Inverness Cape.

To Find Out: Of which of the two the circumference is the greater.

The Stable Mind.—An ossy man, being in the Isle of Wight, and finding himself in the neighborhood of the Laureate's dwelling, goes to call upon the illustrious poet, for the purpose of seeing those bays of his which he has heard so much of.

Memorandum by a Mentor.—How annoying it is to find people prosper, instead of being ruined as we predicted they would, in consequence of having pursued their own course instead of following our advice!

Domestic Pets.—Never purchase a parrot without taking it a month upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have been brought up.

SOCIAL SUGGESTIONS.

BY MRS. ARTFULLE DODGERE.

When you receive your guests, be sure to tell them what a number of disappointments you have had, and how the Lion of the day (whom you know you dared not ask) was laid up with bronchitis, and so prevented coming.

If you have been so lucky as to catch some titled people, take care to tell your green-grocer to bawl their names out extra loudly when, as footman, he announces them.

In making out your dance list, introduce the Caledonians and similar antiquities. The philosophic mind may derive some entertainment from a study of the struggles to which they will give rise. But be ready to come forward as a *dea ex machinâ*—and having the directions for the figures in your hand—to act the part of the director in the maze at Hampton Court.

It being considered vulgar nowadays to eat much, of course you need not go to great expense about refreshments. A light repast is all that it is fashionable to give—*i. e.*, lots of gas, and little lobster salad.

With regard to wine, you can give your guests Champagne at a very small expense, if you do not mind giving such as will be sure to play Old Gooseberry with them. The worse the wine is, recollect, the less will people drink of it. Nobody expects to get good wine at evening parties, and it is just as well that nobody be disappointed.

A New Trick.—"Does your Watch Go, and is it a Repeater?" is the title of a new conjuring trick. The watch that does *not* go is a repeater; for whenever you consult it, it always tells you the same time.

Joking under Difficulties.—Writing with tremendous chilblains on your fingers.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

Boy.—"I say, Uncle, do flowers talk?"

Wicked Uncle.—"Yes, my dear, they talk with *tulips*."

Moral Lesson.—A conscientious old gentleman, induced to stand godfather to a friend's baby, and wishing to typify the requisite renunciation of pomps and vanities, presents the little one with a set of wooden spoons.

Appropriate Address.—A poet, a native of the "Land o' Cakes," wrote an Ode to the Owl, commencing with "Hoot Awa!"

Extremely Green.—Secret drawers should never be made of green wood, or secrets, at least, should never be deposited in them, from the very great risk they run of splitting.

When is a man (lawyers included) like strong ale?—When he thinks no small beer of himself.

Inconsistency of Mankind.—"Men," said a merry old lady, "when I was young, called me an enchantress, and now I have lost my charms, they say I am as ugly as a witch. Ah, drat 'em!"

The Sphere of the Stable.—Roguery is a common complaint against men who are much associated with horses. Ossy men seem dead as to their moral feelings. No doubt their hearts are ossified.

A Shameless Brute.—An epicure declared that a pig's cheek was great. His friend, assenting, remarked that the pig never blushes.

Parallel by an Illiterate Person.—Orthography is my spelling; heterography is another man's spelling.

Facility in Book-keeping.—To keep books appears to be an easy matter with most people; the difficulty with the majority of those who borrow books consists in returning them.

Ichthyology.—Whitebait, in spite of their minute dimensions, are decided by the most scientific epicures to be no small fry.

Retrieving One's Position.—A fast undergraduate, immediately on having been plucked, gets driven to the station and takes a first class.

Etiquette *à la Romaine*.—Upon the principle that one must do at Rome as Rome does, is one expected to put three hats upon his head because the Pope wears three crowns?

A Delicate Proposal.—A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

The Military Line.—Captain Baggs, of the Commercial or T. G. Rifle Volunteers, describes himself and his gallant Company as Baggs & Co.

The Law.—Its theory (says poor Mr. Briefless) is far better than its practice.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

To Public Speakers and Singers.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*," or Cough Lozenges.—From Prof. M. Stacy Johnson, Teacher of Music, S. Female College, La Grange, Ga. "I have found their use very efficacious in removing that irritation of the Throat so common with Speakers and Singers. I have enlisted several gentlemen in their favor, among whom are Professor Wines, Principal Brownwood University, and Rev. M. Teague of this place. The Troches have only to be tried to recommend themselves."

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